



messing  
about in  
**BOATS**

**Special Features This Issue**  
“Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival”  
“Phil Bolger at 80”

Volume 25 –Number 14

December 1, 2007



# messing about in BOATS

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Volume 25 – Number 14  
December 1, 2007



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## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



We kinda went over the top with our coverage in this issue of the 25<sup>th</sup> Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival. Since Jane and I drove 1,000 miles round trip to attend, and since it was the 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the event, and since this is also our 25th year of publication, and since we got some great photo coverage from a couple of readers to supplement my own camera work we just decided to let 'er rip.

I'm no longer enthused about all-day driving (and flying is too expensive for two of us for a 1,000 mile round trip) but this event does have an appeal that has enough heft to move me off base here. When organizer John Ford had called earlier to ask me if I would speak at the Saturday evening gathering, what with this also being our 25<sup>th</sup> year, we just hadda go.

We all enjoy talking about what we are doing messing about in boats so I had a good time telling the assembled multitude all about what it's like to do the magazine and why it's still a pleasure after 25 years at it. I mixed in stuff on how we do it, why we do it, and some anecdotes about a few things that have happened over those years.

At the earlier presentation after dinner of the awards for all the day's judging and racing it was mentioned that it was great to be celebrating the past 25 years of MASCF and that we all looked forward to another 25. Well, when I wrapped up my talk with remarks about the future prospects for the magazine I could not say that I could look forward to another 25 years. Simple math shows that I would be 103 years old were I to achieve that goal. I certainly wouldn't mind being able to do what I do now at 103 but it's not a likely scenario. My mother lived to be 100 years old (plus 34 days just to be sure) and I know she expects her first born (and only) son to live so long, so I intend to do so. But magazine publishing may not last the course.

After 25 years of living on the edge financially with *MAIB*, something I discussed in my talk, I am accustomed to never having enough money and to wondering if it will continue to come in in sufficient amounts to keep the magazine afloat. A slowly eroding base of subscribers, down about 10% since the millennium, and a not so slowly increasing in some costs of doing business, mainly modest increases periodically in the printing

bill and not so modest increases in postage that seem to be aimed at discouraging small publications, give cause for some concern. I periodically increase the price of subscriptions to fend off running out of money but how far can I go without driving away even more readers?

I've speculated before on why our circulation is slowly withering. With over 75% of our income coming from subscriptions they are the main underpinning of continuing publication, unlike real magazines which survive on advertising revenues. We enjoy a spectacular renewal rate ranging from 75% to 80% from issue to issue, wonderful support but still leaving us with having to replace some 800 or so dropouts each year just to stay even, let alone regain any lost circulation to ease the pinch.

Our internet website has been some help but hardly sufficient to stem the tide. I'm told we get mucho "hits" but, alas, they are mostly all tire kickers who look but don't act. Our ads in the magazine also are not sufficient. Referrals from those of you who enjoy the magazine are the major source of new readers. I especially appreciate those who confess to having been reading a friend's copy for years until they (or their friend) decided they perhaps better add their support by buying their own subscriptions.

Gift subscriptions that some of you buy for friends or relatives who you think will enjoy the magazine are important to us, about 10% of our readership enjoy these gifts. On the facing page is our annual Christmas gift subscription promotion strategically placed next to my remarks in the hopes of attracting the attention of those of you who are not already gift givers (and thank you to all of you who are). Should this gift subscription suggestion fit your circumstances it will be a big help to us.

We are sometimes asked why we do not offer "special gifts" (trinkets) to encourage potential readers to buy. And also why we do not offer "special promotional discounts." While an obvious answer is that we cannot afford to give up any of that full subscription payment if we are to fulfill our obligation, a less obvious reason is that we feel the magazine has to stand on its own merit. If a couple of dollars worth of discount or trinket is needed to persuade someone to subscribe, it is unlikely to be what he or she really wants.

## In This Issue...

- 2 Commentary
- 4 From the Journals of Constant Waterman
- 6 You write to us about...
- 8 Book Reviews
- 9 Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival is 25
- 16 The Cardboard Boat Race
- 17 Our Little Sailboat Saga
- 18 On the Museum Docks
- 19 The New Perfect Boat
- 20 A Winter in Florida – Part 2
- 22 Chasing Walter Anderson
- 25 Parking the *Verity*
- 26 Beyond the Horizon
- 28 Sailing A(g)round with Fred
- 29 Bolger on Design
- 32 Trade Directory
- 37 Classified Marketplace
- 39 Shiver Me Timbers

## On the Cover...

The ships' boat from the *Kalmar Nyckel* was last across the finish line in the rowing race at the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival but its stately progress was impressive. Lots more photos from this event are featured in this issue.

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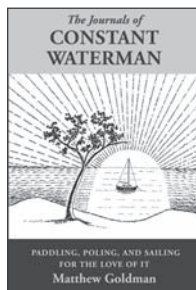
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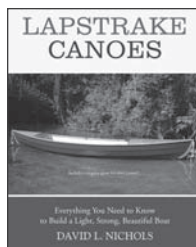
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By Matthew Goldman

## From the Journals of Constant Waterman

Day has cracked slightly, allowing light snow to wisp through. I imagined December as balmy and 60° with a 10-knot breeze and a sunny sky, perfect sailing weather. Apparently I've awakened in someone else's latitude. Poor little *MoonWind* languishes in her slip while I stoke the fires and plan my day around other people's boats.

After deliberating nearly an entire day, we decided to move. We looked at three antique Capes, chose the best and moved in, the Captain Daniel Eldridge House, 1704. I haven't yet researched what sort of vessel he skippered three centuries ago. This may have been a prosperous skipper's home in Colonial days but perhaps not his ultimate one. It had but four rooms downstairs and a sleeping loft around a central chimney. Three fireplaces, of course, the largest measures just over five feet broad across the back. The hearthstone could serve as a single bed. I burn the largest wood that I have but need to procure some bolt wood, else waste cords of stove wood to little avail. For the tiny woodstove heating the kettle in the kitchen, I need to saw all my present wood in two.

The spacious dining room is a late addition, a mere generation ago, but keeps with the original house insofar as it has floors of fairly wide wood, pale walls, dark trim, and multi-light sash. Two sets of French windows open upon a broad deck. There is an extra bedroom above the dining area. The kitchen was modernized and a large laundry room separated from it.

My desk fronts the fieldstone chimney up here in the loft. The wide oak boards beneath my feet, which look extremely old and scarred, are not always fastened as well as you might expect. The floor above the room with the largest fireplace has been removed, as well as some of the joists, to make the house more open and more light.

From my perch aloft, I can oversee the new dining room and, beyond, through the French windows, watch the snow accumulate on the deck. No, not the best boating weather, children. Only the men working lobster boats fare forth on days such as these. And the brightest lobsters don't come out in this sort of weather. They stay home and pen their memoirs.

The little no-name Petrel that I sailed back here from Port Jefferson comes into the shop next week. She's found a new owner, a local chap, and he means to do right by her. All she really wants is cosmetic work, minor repairing of locker tops and cabin doors, extending the motor mount, re-glassing the lazarette deck, touching up the bright work. I'll have three Petrel masts and booms and clubs to sand and varnish up in the loft, a regular mass production. As none of them needs wooding, I'll be spared removing all of the bronze hardware and standing rigging.

The Skipper has plans for building a Saint Pierre Dory, 23' with a cabin and small Diesel inboard. A seaworthy and fuel efficient craft for coasting about the islands and catching fish. Or chasing them, at any rate. He estimates it will keep us busy all winter. Then the spring rush will leap upon us, customers will clamor, boats slip into the water, and the same excitement as ever roil our blood and drive us semi-terrestrials back to the ocean.

Perhaps in a million generations we shall have evolved some flippers and tails and joined our cetaceous brethren. We shouldn't need to get hauled to have our bottoms painted. We might have a couple of barnacles, but what of it? What joy to be free to cruise the seas without distress about the occasional storm, without a cluttered cabin and lockers full of superfluous gear, without need for a binnacle or a temperamental motor. What bliss to spend every winter in tropic climes, just eating shrimp by the bushel and sporting with mermaids.

But, then again, where should we step our masts?

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## Activities & Events...

### Six Week Voyage Under Sail

The Sea Education Association, a non-profit organization in the Woods Hole community of Cape Cod, Massachusetts, runs the only academic program in the world that incorporates a six-week voyage under full sail on one of our tall ships for undergraduate students in our off-campus program.

Last year we very successfully ran a SEA Expedition, an Adult Continuing Education Experience, aboard the brigantine *SSV Robert C. Seamans* in French Polynesia. We are now gearing up for our second annual adult program, which will again sail in January 2008 from Papeete to Moorea and other French Polynesian islands including Bora Bora.

During the eight-day sail participants will actively engage in all aspects of the ship's operations and this is what makes this such an unusual opportunity. There are no chaise lounges and no cocktail hours, participants are on watch and learning about the ecology of the islands both above and under water, the cultural history of the Polynesian people, and, together with our scientists, participating in oceanographic sampling in deep waters. This expedition will set off on a 400-mile sail in concert with lectures and guided land tours giving an in-depth introduction to the tropical forests and rugged landscapes of this terrestrial oasis in the middle of the South Pacific.

For full details please look at our website at <http://www.sea.edu/academics/adult-programs.asp> <blocked:: <http://www.sea.edu/academics/adultprograms.asp><blocked:: <http://www.sea.edu/academics/adultprograms.asp>>

Claire Stern, SEA, PO Box 6, Woods Hole MA 02543, (800) 552-3633, Desk: (508) 540-3954x13, Fax: (508) 457-4673, [www.sea.edu](http://www.sea.edu)

### Maine Island Trail Association Leads Island Clean-up

On September 25 volunteers and staff from the Maine Island Trail Association joined forces with staffers from the Maine Coastal Islands National Wildlife Refuge and the Maine Department of Inland Fisheries and Wildlife to remove a large raft of tires that had washed up on Inner Sand Island in Western Bay, down east. Nearly 150 tires, most of them bound together by heavy duty metal link chain, were taken off of Inner Sand and brought to the mainland for recycling. "This was a wonderful collaborative effort," states MITA's Stewardship Manager Brian Marcaurelle who arranged for MITA volunteer and boat support for the project. "By working together we were able to tackle a challenging marine debris issue both efficiently and effectively."

Inner Sand is a seabird nesting island and a part of the Maine Coastal Islands National Wildlife Refuge. The raft of tires, presumably once belonging to an offshore aquaculture operation or fishing vessel, had washed high up on the shoreline several years ago. The motivation to coordinate the clean-up effort came from MITA volunteers who regularly monitor the condition of nearby Sand Island, which is part of the Maine Is-

land Trail. As Marcaurelle recalls, "they said to me, 'it'd be nice if we could plan a work party to get those ugly tires off of that beautiful island.' So that's what we did!"

Staff members of the Maine Coastal Island National Wildlife Refuge were delighted to partner with MITA on this project as the derelict tires were not only unsightly but also diminished the natural character of the island. The refuge supplied staff help and a large, front-loading vessel to carry the tires to the mainland. MITA volunteers provided additional labor and helpful equipment, including a torch system used to cut through the thick metal chain.

Retrieving the tires and chain from the island was just one part of the challenge. To answer the question of what to do with the debris once it was back on the mainland, MITA turned to the Maine Coastal Program which has been a strong ally in marine debris reduction efforts. MCP arranged for dumpsters to be brought to the launch ramp and a recycler, Corcoran Environmental Services of Kennebunk, Maine, to haul the tires away. "One objective of the coastal program is to foster partnerships along the coast to help us successfully achieve our goal of reducing debris from the marine environment," remarks Theresa Torrent-Ellis, a Senior Planner with the Maine Coastal Program. "This project fit perfectly with our mission and capped off a series of coastal clean-up efforts as part of Maine Coastweek."

The project also fit perfectly with MITA's mission to preserve the character of Maine's wild islands through volunteered time of its members and through partnerships with other coastal organizations. MITA's Executive Director, Doug Welch, said "With a paid staff of only six and more than 160 islands under our care, we really can't afford to re-invent wheels and we don't. Partnering with land trusts, Maine Coast Heritage Trust, Maine Audubon, Chewonki, and many more is the only way we can care for the islands and continue to provide access to them for our members and the public."

The Maine Island Trail Association manages more than 160 private and public sites along the Maine coast. More information is available at [www.mita.org](http://www.mita.org).

## Adventures & Experiences...

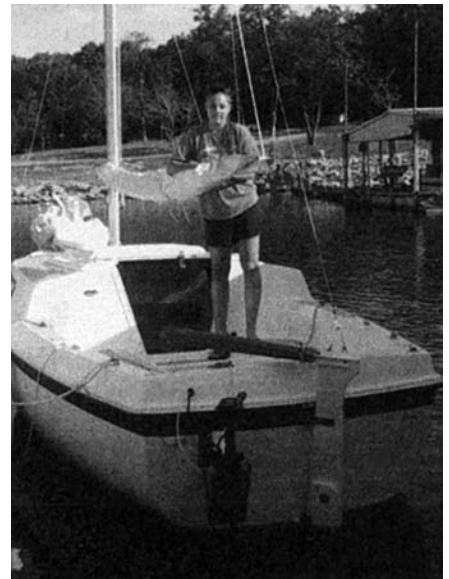
### Proud Grandpa Shares His Delight

Being Proud Grandpa, I couldn't wait to share this picture and story with the *MAIB* folks. This is our 17-year-old granddaughter Ryann Robinson pictured with HER new boat, purchased with HER hard earned and saved money. After sailing, fishing, kayaking, canoeing, beach combing, shelling, tubing, etc. (you get the picture) with her grandparents and family all of her life, and despite all the distractions a young lady faces today from her job, upcoming college, and not to forget the boys, she decided that she wanted to have her own sailboat. Definitely the product of superior upbringing!

Of course, she started with the *MAIB* classifieds, then progressed to the internet. We eventually made a trip to Pensacola from here on Lake Texoma to pick up her selec-

tion, a very clean 1979 MacGregor 22. For now it's docked next to our Trojan for the learning curve, debugging, and setting up for some coastal cruising. It's a great deal for Grandpa! We have a lot of confidence in the MacGregor line, having spent two full summers aboard our Venture 23, including two months in the Bahamas, and a two-month full circle cruise of the Chesapeake Bay with our family of four back in 1977 and 1978. Yes, apparently what you need to be comfortable is directly proportional to your age. To further elaborate on Ratty's quote, "There is nothing, absolutely nothing, half so much worth as simply messing about in boats... with our grandkids."

Gary Gillespie, Cartwright, OK



### Thank You, Steve!!!

Your set of three photos on page 7 in the October 1 issue brought back great memories. I am pretty sure the boat you saw is a sister to the "big boat" that came with the "camp" my Aunt and Uncle Pardi bought on Saratoga Lake back in 1938. Unnamed, she was known as the "Big Boat" as opposed to the camp's rowboat. My cousins sold the camp in the '70s and I never saw either boat again.

"Big Boat" was built by Old Town canoe with a hard glossy green enamel hull outside and ribs and planking inside. In fact, she looked like a long, fat canoe with a lopped hind end. I can't remember if the ribs and planks were covered in canvas.

The bow and stern in your photos look right as do the gap-spaced gunwales. I found another ID point; are the mystery boat's oarlocks made in heavy brass with flanged bases that dovetail into matching holders? "Big Boat" had leathered oars and we never did much master loose oars.

The cockpit was wide enough and the seats spaced just right that one summer, we fitted her with a spare bedspring, covered mattress, and pillow to which Aunt Daisy took a great liking. She would get herself set on the mattress and have cousin Eugene (her son) and I tow her away from the overhanging trees out into the sunshine. We'd drop "Big Boat's" anchor and go on about until the she called to be brought back to land.

Eugene and I, being only 11 and 12 years old at the time, were not allowed to hang the

big Sears Waterwitch outboard motor on the boat to take her out by ourselves. That privilege didn't come for several years.

On Saturdays and Sundays Uncle H. would pile on day guests and cruise them around the lakeshore. Those were risky days, only the three-year-old baby cousin had to wear a "Life Saver.. There was no other flotation aboard.

Richard Ellers, Warren, OH

## Projects...

### Free Geodesic Aerolite Boat Parts

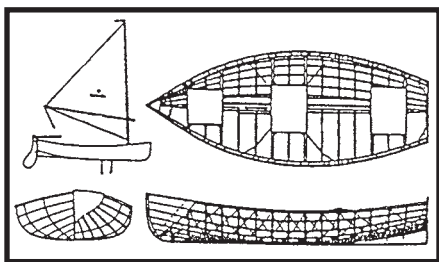
The January 15, 2007 issue, pages 25-27, show an array of lightweight boats designed by the innovative Platt Monfort. John Hadden, father of our local boat builder Alex Hadden, (see his advertisement in the Builders & Restorers section) and contributor of several essays to this magazine, built the Classic 10 pictured on page 27 in that issue.

We borrowed this boat to try her out on a pond in Georgetown and were impressed by the performance. Platt Monfort lived on Westport Island, the next island to Georgetown, so we went to his shop and bought the plans and some material.

I set up the strongback base, cut the station molds from Masonite, ripped the spruce longitudinal sections and the ash bow piece and the strips for the frames, made a transom, and then I became ill and the project was never completed. I have now all the necessary components (except for the fabric, which is still available from Mrs. Monfort).

I want to give all these components FREE to anyone living close by (somewhere in the New England states), preferably with a pick-up truck as the lumber and station molds are too awkward to put into a car, except maybe on a roof rack.

Hans Waecker, 47 Bowman's Landing Rd, Georgetown, ME 04548, (207) 371-2282



### Swamp Yankee Memories

I was happy to see the article by Bob Sparks in the October 1 issue. This article brought back memories of a Swamp Yankee that we built here at a club meeting one evening. A few years back we had a boat building club in the twin cities. We met at a store/shop called The Boat House. For our program one evening we built a Swamp Yankee.

No, we didn't complete a boat that evening. I had sawn out the pieces beforehand and made the scarf joint. Our meeting began and after a short bit of business we got to work on the boat. We had about a dozen people, mixed gender, ready to build a boat. Half of this crew had no experience. I handed a drill to one gal and a spool of wire to another. We had someone drilling and another wire tying, then I set up a mixing station and just as quick as the last wire went in we began doing a fillet and someone else taping behind that operation.

An hour and a half later we were cleaning up our tools and ourselves and drinking beer talking about the great little boat we had just built. You can't have any more fun than that. I admit that the boat went back to my shop for finishing after the resin had cured. That took about the rest of the week. The boat got named *The Hour and a Half Boat*.

Mississippi Bob Brown, Apple Valley, MN

### Big Excitement

Here is a photo of a little pram dinghy I made for my ten-year-old daughter this summer. Just launched her in October on the local lake to big excitement.

Scott Baldwin, Killingworth, CT



### Let the Boat Building Begin

We are moving from a one bedroom upstairs apartment into a small house with a big pole barn out back. Let the boat building begin. You and your readers do a wonderful job, thank you for such a good read.

Jon DeGroot, Davison, MI

### What a Crafty Way

The October 15 issue cover story showed a crafty way to acquire a schooner. Why didn't I think of that?

Ed Hawkes, Marblehead, MA



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### More on One-Sheet Skiffs

Hundreds of one-sheet skiffs have been built. They do not have the appeal of a finely crafted lapstrake design with shaped knees, curved seats, and floorboards of teak. So why have so many been built? Evidently many people simply want to get onto the water with their children. They want a basic boat that will work, that's easy on the wallet, and that will be fun. A boat they understand.

Kids love boats, especially small ones they can handle. They want to paint it their own way. They want a boat they can do. Who knows, a young boy or girl might start out nailing a one-sheet skiff and eventually become a famous designer.

Paul Austin, *Under Ten Feet*, Box 670849, Dallas, TX 75367

**Editor Comments:** Paul has more to say on this subject in the November issue of his newsletter.

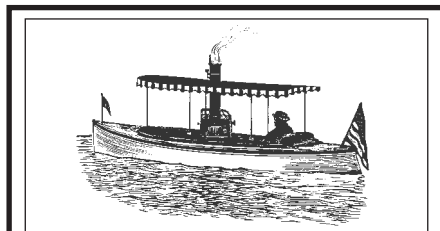
## This Magazine...

### Swallowing the Anchor

After 47 continuous years of boat ownership (plus some years before with an A.R. True Cape Cod knockabout) I, too, find that health and age has forced me to swallow the anchor. However, *MAIB* is the best darn way there is to stay close to that which has been such an important part of my life. As long as you keep going, I'll keep subscribing.

With regard to your printing process, it's perfect for me. When each issue comes, it goes on a shelf at the head of the bed. When I climb in, I reach back and there's that good old familiar feel of the copy that's good for a few pages of enjoyable reading. Keep up the good work!

Elliot Wilcox, North Branford, CT



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## Wooden Ships and Iron Men

*The US Navy's Ocean*

*Minesweepers, 1953-1994*

By Cdr David D. Bruhn, USN (Retired)

Reviewed by Preston Larus

Wooden ships? In the modern Navy? Yes, dear readers, it's true. There are some jobs for which wood is the best material going, and for sure, not getting blown up while attempting to detect and neutralize magnetic mines is one of 'em.

What a great document this book is. For those who want the detail of what ships went where and when and did what, there's plenty. If you'd like to skip some of that and read about the technology of the art of minesweeping, or about life aboard a minesweeper, or the many (sometimes bizarre) missions tasked to minesweepers when there's no minesweeping needed, there's plenty of that, too.

In between wars there are few jobs for minesweepers and the minesweeping force in general is drawn down. That lasts until the next conflict points out the glaring need for minesweeping in one big hurry, and that was the case at the start of the Korean War. What happens at that point is a tearing rush to design and build up the required force, pronto.

In the 1950s the designer who created the next new class of wooden minesweepers was none other than Philip Rhodes who is more famous for his pleasure yachts. Says the author, "His biographer Richard Henderson emphasizes that Rhodes was not only an excellent engineer but a true artist. 'Whatever kind of vessel he produced, it invariably had the look of rightness about it. His sailing yachts in particular, with their beautifully proportioned hulls and graceful sheerlines, are works of true design harmony.'"

Rhodes designed the MSO (Mine Sweeper Ocean) 421 Class minesweeper and it fell to the country's public and private shipyards to crank out a gang of them. More than 100 were built during the '50s and many of these ships continued to serve for decades after that. I was surprised to find that some big names in the yacht building world were responsible for a good many of these; Broward, Burger, Higgins, and Luders to name a few of the high profile builders.

MSO duty was tough. At 172', the ships were small by warship standards and packed a lot of personnel into a cramped space with inadequate ventilation. The seams were prone to opening up, which made for damp living conditions. And as the inherently heavy



## Book Reviews

hulls were fitted with all manner of improvements over the years (air conditioning in the '60s, thank God!), their spaces became more cramped while their range and speed often suffered. It took Iron Men indeed and there grew a certain esprit de corps among those who served aboard.

How does a ship detect a mine anyway (aside from the obvious, fatal method)? Depends on the mine. The device commonly thought of when the subject comes up is the moored, mechanical mine: anchored to the sea bed and depending on physical contact with the target to detonate. But the worse ones are the "influence" mines which lie on the bottom in relatively shallow water and detonate by sensing changes in magnetism, sound, or pressure as a ship passes over them. These were common in the '50s and created some of the main design parameters for the new breed of non-magnetic MSOS.

Mechanical mines were countered with towed gear which would cut the cables so that the then surfaced mine could be destroyed with gunfire. Magnetic mines could be handled by towing copper cables in which a current could be pulsed to detonate the mines at a safe distance and acoustic mines could be dealt with in a similar fashion using towed noise-making devices.

The pressure operated mines were the toughest to deal with. Two methods existed: One was go in dead slow at high tide and pray you didn't trigger it; the other was to send in a derelict vessel to find a safe path (or not) by what I'd call the "Braille" method. Not fun. In later years improvements in sonar technology and the advent of ROVs (remotely operated vehicles) made the job a little safer. The Navy was also known to deploy special divers as well.

There is a lot to be intrigued by in this book, though parts of it can be slow going due to the detail. But for me, it came down to this passage where the author relates his first exposure to MSOS: "Being naturally curious about wooden ships, I asked to be shown around and was immediately impressed by the comradeship of her crew members and their obvious pride in their ship. The ship was immaculate, there was plenty of hot coffee on the mess deck, and the men assigned were noticeably cheerful. Most intriguing, however, were the crew's berthing spaces. My escort, noting my admiration for the bunks, crafted of carved and lacquered wood headboards, footboards, and side rails explained that a reservist had done this fine work. A cabinet-maker by trade, he had invested many of his free hours in a labor of love."

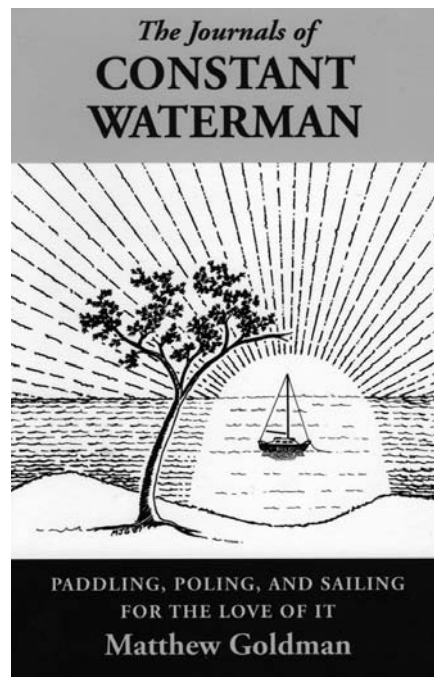
Yes indeed, wooden ships in the modern Navy!

## The Journals of Constant Waterman

*Paddling, Poling and Sailing  
For the Love of It*

By Matthew Goldman  
Breakaway Books, Halcottville, NY  
www.breakawaybooks.com  
335 pages— 6"x9"— softcover  
\$14US / \$17CAN

Reviewed by Bob Hicks



For all of you who have been enjoying Matthew Goldman's enchanting essays on our pages, here is a bonanza, 90 of them all in one package. Just about half of them have appeared on our pages since they began in the fall of 2005, so if you wish to fast forward into the future here is your chance. It might be a good suggestion for relatives wondering what to give you this Christmas. Additionally, this is a good choice of Christmas gift for anyone on your list who is a kindred spirit.

Since you are already familiar with Matthew's easy, and often whimsical, style there is no need for me to extol further the contents of this book.

The book is divided into several major sections by general topics:

"Paddling, Poling and Rowing" offers 11 under "Hither and Yon" and 14 under "The Connecticut."

"Sailing" presents 16 under "Boats I Have Known," 15 under "Moonwind" (Matthew's boat), and eight under "The Petrel."

"A Word from the Waterfront" offers 9 under "Hadlyme and Thereabouts," 8 under "Mystic & Noank," and 9 under "Farther Shores."

A 13-page Glossary concludes the book for "...those of you who don't carry a rigging knife."

Copies can be obtained at most major bookstores or ordered for you by them. Failing such access, you can write to Breakaway Books, PO Box 24, Halcottville, NY 12438.



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## Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival is 25

By Bob Hicks

Photos by Dick Hamley, Bob Hicks and Paul Lubaerski

In his post dinner remarks Saturday evening on this 25<sup>th</sup> Anniversary festival, MASCF organizer John Ford extended thanks to the many who rally round this gathering each year to make it happen. He included staffers at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum but there was also an extended list of volunteers from amongst those who regularly attend. He alluded this year to having to overcome some last minute major problem which arose and expressed special gratitude to those who stepped into the breach, whatever it was. John's remarks were an acknowledgement of what makes this the premier gathering of small craft enthusiasts every year on the Atlantic coast, it's a team effort of the Museum and the participants working together. John stated that there were over 300 participants (40 of them children) with about 130 boats.

Being amongst so large and diverse a collection of small boats drives home the realization of just how attractive an activity this is. Those who brought all these boats, in many cases also the builders, bask in the glow of shared experiences and enthusiasm. The complete absence of overt marketing adds to the pleasant ambience. Yes, some "selling" went on by a few with boats to sell but it was

not "in your face" at all as it is, understandably, at boat shows. "Festival" hits the mark for a one-word description.

It was a hot sunny Saturday, supposedly a record high temperature in the low 90s with no breeze at all until midday when a light wind blew in off the river, just in time to give the sailors some motive power, both for just messing about as well as for the scheduled races.

Judging of boats went on all morning as did demonstrations by the Museum boat shop crew and the Chesapeake Wooden Boat Building School from Havre de Grace, Maryland. Cardboard boats were under construction for their early afternoon race. Kids and their families were building model boats under the tent. Tours of the Museum's log canoe *Edmee S*, were on offer.

Afternoon brought the races for sail, oar, paddle, and cardboard boats. Children enjoyed a kite making workshop. 32 participants (the first 32 to sign up for it) got to enjoy a 90-minute cruise aboard the Museum's skipjack *H.M. Krentz*. Late afternoon heard from a gathering of those mariners who indulge in singing sea chantys.

After a filling dinner under the tent, the evening included the presentations of all the awards for the day's activities, a talk by the editor, and then stargazing for those astronomically inclined.

We left early Sunday for the 10-hour drive home, passing up breakfast, worship on the water, launching of the Museum's Celebratory MASCF XXV rail bird skiff, the three-legged race, a swap meet and scavenger hunt, and the wrap-up meeting where those so choosing offer comments and suggestions about the gathering and next year's prospects.

With so many photos to best show what there was to be seen and enjoyed, I went over the top with pages devoted to the event this year. Many photos are not captioned, I did not receive or obtain the relevant information, but the pictures speak for themselves of the variety of wonderful small boats on hand. And in support of these visuals I've included the entire official list of boats entered (through Thursday prior) for those interested in all the details.

Next October begins the second quarter century for the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival, be there if you can, it's a happening not to be missed.

The Chesapeake Wooden Boat Building School from Havre de Grace, Maryland, set up this "working" display.



The campers' tents were everywhere throughout the Museum grounds.





Scott LaVertue in his go fast 16-30 racing canoe.



Jim Thayer in his go easy Pumpkin Eater.



Making a call from the *Kalmar Nickel's* ship's boat on a Colonial era cell phone.



Shades of antique and classic boat meets, formal picnic table setting on Dennis Wolfe's electric launch *Sparky*.



The kids tackle family boat building in George Surgent's program.

336) Steampower passing by, not to be found on docks later on.



Motorheads gathered around to see (and hear!) this one-lunger.

328) Electric power passing by, Electra Cat belonging to Wilcoxon Marine of Inverness, Florida.







This 25' Peter Van Dine schooner sailed over from Annapolis.



That amidships hiking board suggests that this is a miniature sandbagger.



A nice little cat yawl easily carrying four.



Sculling is not yet a lost art amongst small crafters.



Yes, we do trailer sail our log canoe. Look at that mast!

The tall of it, a Chesapeake log canoe.



Trucktopping an Adirondack guideboat on a '37 (or thereabouts) GMC pickup.

The short of it, a 19<sup>th</sup> century design sailing canoe.





## List of participating boats

- 1a) **Nessmuk: Lapstrake canoe (c1910).** Designed and built by C. Lowndes Johnson. Owner Pete Leshar, Easton, MD.
- 1b) **Marianne: Log canoe (c1916).** Designed and built by John Reese of Bryantown. Owner: Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, St. Michaels, MD.
- 2) **Swiftly: (2002)** Designed by Fred Shell. Built by owner. Owner: Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster, NY
- 3) **Kayak (2000).** Designed by CLC. Built by owner. Owner: Pat Doyle, Baltimore, MD.
- 4) **MacGregor: Sailing canoe (2004).** Designed by Oughtred. Built by owner. Owner: Andrew Shavinskas, Philadelphia, PA.
- 6) **Anna Mae: Sailing/rowing skiff (2000).** Designed by Bolger. Built by Brad Faus, Owner: Will Walker, Virginia Beach, VA.
- 7) **Melonseed (1997).** Designed and built by Tom Jones. Owner: John Guidera, Vineland, NJ.
- 9) **Sound of Silence: Electric launch (2007).** Designed and built by Lear Baylor. Owner: Walter Sims, Boynton Beach, FL.
- 10) **Bella Sophia: Whilly boat (2003).** Designed by Ian Oughtred. Built by Rob Barker. Owner: David Moreno, Philadelphia, PA.
- 11) **Pelican Blues: Shellback dinghy (2001).** Designed by Joel White. Built by owner. Owner: Dennis Keener, Earlysville, VA.
- 12) **Sirius: Sailing dory (2007).** Designed by Ian Oughtred. Built by owner. Owner: Robert Austin, Williamsburg, VA.
- 13) **Open weekender (2005).** Designed by Sievenson. Built by owner. Owner: Karl Nisson, Shadyside, MD.
- 14) **Miss Liberty: Shell (1986).** Designed and built by John Martin. Owner: Mike McGee, Pasadena, MD.
- 15) **Grace: Haven 12 1/2 (2005).** Designed by Joel White. Built by owner. Owner: John Hutchison, Saxonburg, PA.
- 16a) **Mabelline: Canoe (1994).** Designed by David Hazen. Built by owner. Owner: Brad Faus, York, PA.
- 16b) **Frisky Biskit: Crab skiff (2001).** Built by owner. Owner: Brad Faus, York, PA.
- 17) **Re Ducks: Melonseed (2000).** Designed by Chapelle. Built by owner. Owner: Carl Weissinger, Cheltenham, PA.
- 21a) **Enlarged melonseed (1999).** Built by owner. Owner: David McCulloch, Old Lyme, CT.
- 21b) **Sandy: So. Jersey beach skiff (2004?).** Traditional design from Chapelle. Built by owner. Owner: David McCulloch, Old Lyme, CT.
- 22) **Mischief: Bevin skiff (1999).** Designed by Joe Youcha. Built by Brian and Sarah Forsyth. Owner: Brian Forsyth, Solomons, MD
- 23) **Sugar: Shellback dinghy (2001).** Designed by Joel White. Built by owner. Owner: Frank Staus, Sewell, NJ.
- 24) **Scooma: Sailing skiff (2007).** Designed by Bolger. Built by owner. Owner: Robert Blomquist, Catonsville, MD.
- 26) **Swift: Folding schooner (1976).** Designed by Bolger. Built by owner. Owner: Vernon Hardesty, Shepherdstown, WV.
- 27a) **Folding sailing canoe (early 1980s).** Built by Granta. Owner: Greg DeCowsky, Earleville, MD
- 27b) **Kayak blue and yellow.** Built by Dagger (Blackwater model). Owner: Greg DeCowsky, Earleville, MD.
- 28) **Liza Leigh: Skiff (1994).** Designed by Ken Swan. Built by owner. Owner: Wayne Stinnette, Free Union, VA.
- 29) **Calico Jack: Day sailer (2005).** Designed by Herreshoff. Built by Jeff Kerr. Owner: Bob Lavertue, Ludlow, MA.
- 30) **Apple Pie: Lapstrake row/sail boat (2006).** Designed by J.H. Rushton. Built by Kavner/Sutherland. Owner: David Kavner, Keene, NY.
- 31) **Row/power boat (1952).** Restoration. Owner: Bob Cavanagh, Carlisle, PA.
- 33a) **Sexy Grandpa: Lightning (1955).** Designed by S&S. Owner: Al Fittipaldi, Titusville, NJ.
- 33b) **Glouster gull light dory (1972).** Designed by Bolger. Owner: Al Fittipaldi, Titusville, NJ.
- 34) **Marlon Brewington: Tuckup (1988?).** Design from the 1880s. Built by John Brady. Owner: Tom Shephard, Pittsgrove, NJ.
- 35) **Sea Dart: Norseboat (2006).** Designed by Chuck Paine. Built by Norseboat Limited. Owner: Philip McLean, Media, PA.
- 37a) **Weekend Dinghy: Sailing dinghy (1994).** Designed and built by owner. Owner: Karl Stambaugh, Severna Park, MD.
- 37b) **Lynn's Weekend Dinghy: Sailing dinghy (2007).** Designed by Karl Stambaugh. Built by owner. Owner: Lynn Stambaugh, Severna Park, MD.
- 38) **Elf: Faering (2007).** Designed by Oughtred. Built by the Blackwells. Owners: Ron and Adam Blackwell, Willow Street, PA.



- 39) **Littl Dawg: Sunfish.** Owner: Larry Hollenbeck, Hastings, MI.
- 40) **Beverly J: Express sedan (1990).** Built by Marinette. Owner: Nathan Fuller, Falls Church, VA.
- 41) **Alex B: Melonseed (1997).** Designed by Barto. Owner: Robert Bowman, Lancaster, PA.
- 42) **16' Plastic kayak.** Owner: David A. Soltesz, Edgewater Park, NJ.
- 43) **Puddle: Kayak.** Owner: Frank Mt. Pleasant, Syracuse, NY.
- 44) **Skiff (2006-2007).** Designed by S. Redmond. Built by owner. Owner: Phil Maynard, Ridley Park, PA.
- 45) **Scamp: Runabout (2005).** Designed and built by owner. Owner: Tom Lathrop, Oriental, NC.
- 47) **Chester yawl.** Designed by Chesapeake Light Craft. Built by owner. Owner: Sam Middleton, Quantico, VA.
- 48) **Tweezer: Moth (2004).** Designed by owner. Built by Rod Mincher, Bill Boyle, & George Albeigh, Owner: Rod Mincher, Annapolis, MD.
- 49a) **Canoe (1922).** Designed by William Chestnut. Built by the Chestnut Canoe Co. Owner: Claude Lawrence, Annapolis, MD.
- 49b) **Double ended rowing skiff (2003).** Designed and built by owner. Owner: Claude Lawrence, Annapolis, MD.
- 50) **Trimaran (2007).** Designed and built by Hobie. Owner: Ron Eike, Crownsville, MD.
- 52a) **Sassafras: Double paddle canoe.** Designed by Pete Culler. Built by owner. Owners: John and Vera England, Urbanna, VA.
- 52b) **Persimmon: Double paddle canoe.** Designed by Pete Culler. Built by owner. Owners: John and Vera England, Urbanna, VA.
- 52c) **Hannah Banana: Flat bottom skiff.** Designed and built by owner. Owners: John and Vera England, Urbanna, VA.
- 52d) **Moonlight Lady: Pulling boat (2005).** Designed by Ken Bassett. Built by owner. Owners: John and Vera England, Urbanna, VA.
- 52e) **Kayak.** Designed and built by Necky. Owners: Lacey England and Jeremy Glover, Richmond, VA.
- 52f) **Kayak.** Designed and built by Necky. Owners: Lacey England and Jeremy Glover, Richmond, VA.
- 53) **Fast Gaffer: Gaff sloop.** Built by owner. Owner: Roland Anderson, Richmond, VA.
- 54a) **Solo: Wittholz catboat (1984).** Designed by Charles Wittholz. Built by David Condimo. Owner: Leslie G. Owen, Phoenixville, PA.
- 54b) **Anita: Beach boat (1968).** Designed and built by R. D. Culler. Owner: Keene J. Garvin, Little Mountain, SC.
- 56) **Pod.** Designed and built by Martin Marine. Owner: Dave Cannell, Mansfield, CT.
- 57) **Canoe.** Built by Coleman. Owners: Scott and Chrissy Revell, Oaklyn, NJ.
- 58) **Sparky: Launch (2007).** Designed by Schock/Farmore. Built by owner. Owner: Dennis Wolfe, Marine City, MI.
- 59) **Southern Skimmer: E C 22 (2006).** Designed and built by owner. Owner: Graham Byrnes, Vandemere, NC.
- 60) **Blue Jay (1950s).** Designed by Sparkman and Stevens. Owner: George Loos, Cape May Courthouse, NJ.
- 61a) **Rowboat (2001).** Designed by K. Basset. Built by owner. Owner: Myron Young, Laurel, NY.
- 61b) **Double paddle canoe (2004).** Plans from Mystic Seaport. Built by owner. Owner: Myron Young, Laurel, NY.
- 62) **Rebecca Ann: Caledonia yawl (2002).** Designed by Oughtred. Built by 2 Daughters. Finished by owner. Owner: Dale Davenport, Linville, VA.
- 63) **Pepita: Melonseed (2005).** Designed by John Brady. Built by Carl Weisinger. Owner: Mike Wick, Moorestown, NJ.
- 64a) **Joy: Sailing skiff (1997).** Designed by Karl Stambaugh. Built by owner. Owner: Carlton Stambaugh, Spring Grove, PA.
- 64b) **Canvasback: Kayak (1999).** Designed by Karl Stambaugh. Built by owner. Owner: Carlton Stambaugh, Spring Grove, PA.
- 65) **Second Wind: Blue Jay (1964).** Designed by S&S. Built by John Wright. Owner: Ronald Hearon, Cape May Court House, NJ.
- 66a) **Whim: Pram (1983).** Designed by H. F. Herreshoff. Built by owner. Owner: Bill Doyle, Waters River, MD.
- 66b) **Polar Bear: Kayak (1991).** Built by Bill Doyle. Owner: Conor Doyle, Ocean City, MD.
- 66c) **Cheap Sunglasses: One design sailboat (1970).** Designed by R. Macalpine. Built by MFG Manufacturing. Owner: Conor Doyle, Ocean City, MD.
- 67) **Kayak (1970).** Built by Old Town. Owner: Jud Vogdes, Haddonfield, NJ.
- 68a) **16/20 Racing canoe (2006-07).** Designed by John Simmons. Built by Scott and Rob. Owner: Scott Lavertue, Ludlow, MA.







- 68b) **Calicoe Jack: Cat Ketch (2005).** Designed by Herreshoff. Built by Jeff Kerr. Owner: Scott Lavertue, Ludlow, MA.
- 69) **Kayak (2007).** Designed by CLC. Built by Brian and Kelley Carlsen. Owner: Brian Carlsen, Mechanicsville, VA.
- 70) **Feather: Shell back dinghy (2001).** Designed by Joel White. Built by owner. Owner: Gerry Keener, New Holland, PA.
- 73) **Zephyr: Marth Jane Sharpie (1990).** Designed by Bolger. Built by Richard Cullison. Owner: John Gerty, Concord, MA.
- 74) **Mystic: Dinghy (1984).** Designed by Herreshoff. Built by Don Vanderleek. Owner: Charles Steigerwald, Rocky River, OH.
- 75) **Urchin: Salisbury point skiff (1989).** Designed and built by: Lowell Boat Shop. Owner: Wendy Byar, Willingboro, NJ.
- 76) **Katie Maru: San Francisco pelican (1978).** Designed by William Short. Built by Bay Boat Company. Owner: Peter Balciunas, Carlisle, PA.
- 77) **Mystic Shadow: Whisp.** Designed by Redmond. Built by Philadelphia Maritime. Owner: Ron Gryn, The Villages, FL.
- 79b) **Wye Knot: Mill Creek 16 1/2 (1999).** Designed by CLC. Built by owner. Owner: Kevin Brennan, Phoenix, MD.
- 80) **Faith: Skerry (2006).** Designed by CLC. Built by owners. Owners: Reade and Molly James, Haddam, CT.
- 81) **Intrepid: Dovekie (1986).** Designed by Bolger. Built by E&D. Owner: Bill Parkes, Mechanicsburg, PA.
- 82) **Peapod (2004).** Designed by Simmons. Built by owner. Owner: Rob Dutton, Alexandria, VA.
- 84) **Kayak (1988).** Designed by Klepper. Owner: Dana Asherman, Baden, PA.
- 85) **Aubrey J: Whitehall (1983).** Traditional design. Built by owner. Owner: Marc Barto, St. Michaels, MD.
- 88) **Laylah: Melonseed (2004).** Designed by R. Allen. Built by owner. Owner: David Lucas, Bradenton FL.
- 90a) **Electra Cat: Electric Launch (2007).** Designed by Wilcoxon, Simms. And Drew. Built by owners. Owners: Wilcoxon Marine, LLC. And E. Power Marine, Inverness, FL.
- 90b) **Beach Cat: Catboat (2007).** Designed by Richard Wilcoxon. Built by owner. Owner: Wilcoxon Marine, Inverness, FL.
- 90c) **Reef Cat V2: Catboat (2007).** Designed by Richard Wilcoxon. Built by owner. Owner: Wilcoxon Marine, Inverness, FL.
- 90d) **Reef Cat V1: Catboat (2007).** Designed by Richard Wilcoxon. Built by owner. Owner: Wilcoxon Marine, Inverness, FL.
- 91) **Obadiah: Catboat (1993).** Built by Marc Barto. Owner: Pete Peters, Washington Crossing, PA.
- 94) **Alegretto: Cat ketch sea pearl 21 (1991).** Designed by Herreshoff. Built by Marine Concepts. Owner Larry Huffman, Alexandria, VA.
- 96) **Aleut Baidarka: Skin on frame kayak (2005).** Built from lines taken by David Zimmerly. Built by owner. Owner: Mark Kaufman, Lancaster, PA.
- 98a) **West River 18: Kayak (2004).** Designed by CLC. Built by owner. Owner: George Krewson, Cocoa, FL.
- 98b) **Sea Island Sport: Sit-on-top kayak (2006).** Designed by CLC. Built by owner. Owner: George Krewson, Cocoa, FL.
- 99) **Comfort: Marsh Cat (2005).** Designed by Joel White. Built by Big Pond Boatshop. Owner: Doug Oeller, Germantown, MD.
- 101a) **Buna-Mon-I-Ya: Crotch Island Pinky (1973).** Designed and built by Peter VanDine. Owners: George and Marla Surgent, St. Leonard, MD.
- 101b) **Whitehall (1980s).** Built by Jim Thayer. Owners: George and Marla Surgent, St. Leonard, MD.
- 102) **Utility skiff (2005).** Designed by Joe Dobler. Built by owner. Owner: Jack Mizrahi, West Chester, PA.
- 103) **Annie: Whitehall (1988).** Traditional design. Built by Muir and Thayer. Owner: Dan Muir, Springfield, VA.
- 104) **Sailboat (1969).** Designed and built by O'Day. Owner Ken Tweed, Williamstown, NJ.
- 105a) **Bonita: DC-10 Sailboat (1999).** Designed by Doug Cooper. Built by Bob Guess. Owner: Marie Cobb, Baltimore, MD.
- 105b) **Kermi: San Francisco pelican (1989).** Designed by William Short. Built by Bob Guess. Owners: Ed and Michelle Cobb, Virginia Beach, VA.
- 106) **Marie Aine: Chesapeake Bay stick-up (1999).** Designed by Reull Parker. Built by owner. Owner: Richard Burnside, Fredericksburg, VA.
- 107) **Imp: Sloop (1930s).** Owner: Steve Layden. Chestertown, MD.



- 108) **Spat: 12' Skipjack (1996).** Designed by Mike Kaufman. Built by owner. Owner: Joe Reid.
- 110) **Dolly H: Lugger (1969).** Built by Drascombe. Owners: Ron and Annabel Leshner, Easton, MD.
- 112a) **Stormy Skyes: Sailing canoe (2006).** Designed by Gilbert. Built by Sutherland Boat. Owner: Dan Sutherland, St. Michaels, MD.
- 112b) **Dancing Dragon: Decked sailing canoe (1991).** Designed by Peterboro. Built by Sutherland Boat. Owner: Dan Sutherland, St. Michaels, MD.
- 113) **Magnolia: Pocket cruiser (2005).** Designed by Stevenson. Built by owner. Owner: Bud Wilson, Jasper, TN.
- 114) **Cactus Wren: Catboat (1983).** Designed by Phil Bolger. Built by Guy Hamman. Owner: Bill Rutherford, Metuchen, NJ.
- 115) **Sabot: Gaff catboat (1993).** Designed and built by owner. Owner: Fred Bennett, Harrisburg, PA.
- 116a) **Mudbug: Canoe (1998).** Built by Upper Deck Boats. Owner: Ron Gibbs, Paoli, PA.
- 116b) **Mudhen: Celebrity class (1962).** Owner: Ron Gibbs, Paoli, PA.
- 118) **Scrat: Nutshell pram (2007).** Designed by Joel White. Built by owner. Owner: Jim Drake, Newville, PA.
- 121) **Schooner (1979).** Designed and built by Peter VanDine. Owner: James C. Miller, Annapolis, MD.
- 122) **Rowing shell.** Owner: Bob Blasé, Ellicott City, MD.
- 123) **Fat Chance: Weekender (2002).** Designed by Stevenson. Built by owner. Owner: Angie Wilson, Shady Side, MD.



## RACING

Photos by Bob Hicks

### Sailing, Performance Class

- 1<sup>st</sup> Graham Byrnes SOUTHERN SKIMMER  
2<sup>nd</sup> Rod Mincher TWEEZER  
3<sup>rd</sup> Al Fittipaldi SEXY GRANDPA

### 3 Sail

- 1<sup>st</sup> Robert Blomquist SCOOMA  
2<sup>nd</sup> Mariana Leshner MARIANNE  
3<sup>rd</sup> James Miller SCHOONER

### 2 Sail

- 1<sup>st</sup> Doug Burrill HOPE  
2<sup>nd</sup> Ron Gibbs MUDHEN  
3<sup>rd</sup> Robert Austin SIRIUS

### 1 Sail

- 1<sup>st</sup> Chris Smith  
2<sup>nd</sup> Nathan Brown "310" SAGAMORE  
3<sup>rd</sup> Pete Peters OBADIAH

### Melonseed

- 1<sup>st</sup> David Lucas LAYLAH  
2<sup>nd</sup> Roger Allen MISS KATE  
3<sup>rd</sup> John Guidera Tom Jones MELONSEED

### Sailing Canoe

- 1<sup>st</sup> Brian Duff STORMY SKYES  
2<sup>nd</sup> William Covert BLACK SWAN  
3<sup>rd</sup> Scott Lavertue 16 by 30 CANOE

### Pumpkin Class

Jim Thayer

## Paddling and Rowing

### Men's Kayak

- 1<sup>st</sup> Peter Doyle  
2<sup>nd</sup> Mark Kaufman

### Women's Kayak

- 1<sup>st</sup> Dawn Johns  
2<sup>nd</sup> Rebecca Murtha  
3<sup>rd</sup> Cathy Guddy

### Men's Oar on Gunwale

- 1<sup>st</sup> Brian Scher  
2<sup>nd</sup> George Loos  
3<sup>rd</sup> Al Fittipaldi

### Women's Rowing

- 1<sup>st</sup> Wendy Byar  
2<sup>nd</sup> Liz Rutherford  
3<sup>rd</sup> Marla Surgent

### Men's and Mixed Double

- 1<sup>st</sup> Kevin Brennan, George Surgent  
2<sup>nd</sup> Claude Lawrence, Lauren Wenzel, Thomas Lawrence  
3<sup>rd</sup> Peter Byar, Wendy Byar

### Cardboard Canoe

- 1<sup>st</sup> Kelly Blasé  
2<sup>nd</sup> Frances Klavercamp, Rebecca Murtha  
3<sup>rd</sup> Stuart Butler, Peter Butler  
4<sup>th</sup> Ian Parkes

### Kids 8 & under

Destiny Lavertue

## Kids 9 & over

- 1<sup>st</sup> Iain Parkes  
2<sup>nd</sup> Frances Klavercamp  
3<sup>rd</sup> Rebecca Murtha

## JUDGING

### Traditional Design, Contemporary Construction

- 1<sup>st</sup> Dennis Wolfe SPARKY  
2<sup>nd</sup> Jerry Mulins TUXEDO JUNCTION  
3<sup>rd</sup> Tom Lathrop SCAMP

### Traditional Design & Construction

- 1<sup>st</sup> John Hutchinson GRACE  
2<sup>nd</sup> Keene J Garvin ANITA  
3<sup>rd</sup> Charles Steigerwald MYSTIC

### Restoration

- 1<sup>st</sup> Leslie Owen SOLO  
2<sup>nd</sup> Claude Lawrence

### Contemporary

- 1<sup>st</sup> Jim Drake SCRAT  
2<sup>nd</sup> Philip McLean SEA DART  
3<sup>rd</sup> E. Power Wilcoxon Marine ELECTRACAT

### Paddling

- 1<sup>st</sup> Brian Carlsen  
2<sup>nd</sup> Mark Kaufman ALEUT BIADARKA  
3<sup>rd</sup> Jimmy Smith LIL' GWENIE

### Joe Leiner Award

Tom Shephard MARION BREWINGTON





# The Cardboard Boat Race

There is some sort of innate appeal to both those who choose to build cardboard boats and get on the water in them to race and those who choose to just watch to see what happens. The building material is highly unsuitable for immersion and the allowed amount of duct tape is usually insufficient to provide long-term protection to the cardboard hulls. Free form designing is encouraged and some spectacularly radical craft often are launched. But it is usually a traditional design carefully constructed that prevails in the ensuing "race."

Photos by Bob Hicks



Family builders working on their "sail" boat.



They're off!



Radical swoopy design proved to be quite tender but the young lady kept it upright to the finish.



Traditional kayak design (albeit with truncated stern) easily bested the fleet.

The "sail" boat design required paddle assistance, the corrugated cardboard sail was unable to form into an aerodynamic shape.



Aftermath...





## Our Little Sailboat Saga

By Kathy Brown

Here we are (#310) at the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival on October 6 in St Michaels, Maryland, sailing through the finish line ahead of the pack! What a thrill! We found out later that little Moth came in first, but we took the big boats.

We bought our Lehman in Seattle, Washington, six years ago from a couple who had received it 30 years ago as a wedding present. They sailed it only a few times before putting it into storage for 29 years.

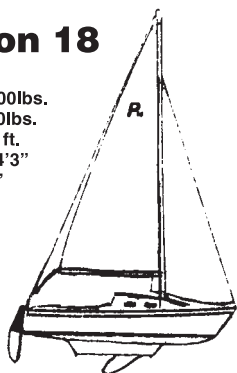
We sailed on Lake Union before bringing her to Florida to be the tender for our 33' trawler *Aloha*. Alas, she was too big to put across the transom and didn't fit on top of the cabin either. So, sadly, she went back into storage for two more years. My husband built a 9' sailing dinghy that fits snugly across *Aloha's* transom.

Last year we attended our first MASCF, anchoring off on *Aloha*. We had such a good time that we made plans to be here again in 2007 with the 12' Lehman and sail her in the sailing race. We also made the sad decision to sell her. A young family from Annapolis saw our "For Sale" sign and took her out for a sail on Saturday before the race and then watched us sail her over the finish line. They decided she had to be their boat.

On Sunday we drove into Annapolis to deliver her to her new home, knowing that the two young children and their parents will spend many happy hours sailing in the beautiful waters of the Chesapeake. And we expect to see her again in future years at upcoming Festivals.

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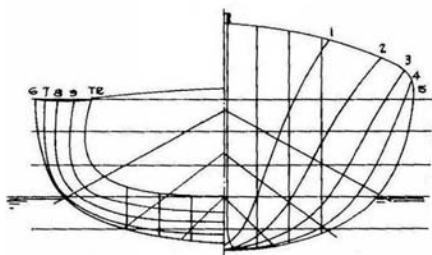


## 25' Electric Launch SPARKY

The "perfect" boat is an unending quest. As soon as one is done thoughts creep in as to how it could be more perfect. Also, times and needs change over the years.

I built my first perfect boat in 2002. This is a 24', 260hp I/O runabout capable of 50mph. In the last few years our needs seem to have changed as we mostly used the boat for shoreline cruises, often with a bottle of wine and a picnic supper, putting along at 5mph. Sometimes we even turned off the engine and just drifted along with the current, enjoying the silence. Times have changed, too, with \$4 marina gas, the war in Iraq, and concern over CO<sub>2</sub> emissions. Even at 5mph it only got about 3mpg – that bothered my conscience.

I'd been intrigued by electric boats for a few years with many hours spent on the internet reading about them. The lines plan for Coyote II in Weston Farmer's book, *From My Old Boat Shop*, seemed perfect (there's that word again) for electric drive. This is a beautiful classic launch, round bilged with lots of flare forward and just a bit of tumble-home aft. She was designed in 1907 to get the most speed from a 500lb, 10hp, state-of-the-art gasoline engine. The electric drive system would fit the designer's 100-year-old specs with 530lbs of batteries and a 6hp motor.



The result of 14 months of full-time work is *Sparky*. The hull is composite construction using 3/4" cedar strips sandwiched between layers of 10oz fiberglass set in ep-

## The New Perfect Boat

By Dennis Wolfe

oxy. The "canvas" decks are Dynel cloth in epoxy. Brightwork is Sapele marine ply or Spanish Cedar, the natural surfaces of seats and cockpit sole are Garapa, a Brazilian hardwood similar to teak in hardness and weather resistance.

*Sparky* is the "perfect" boat for quiet, environmentally responsible cruising. She can carry eight people out for a ride or four people can enjoy a placid nautical dinner. She is quiet enough to enjoy conversation with classical music in the background or sneak up on a heron.



Her hull is so slippery that she only consumes a tiny bit of energy, top speed with the 6hp motor is 9mph and 2hp is all that is needed to cruise at 7mph. The batteries will provide five hours, 35 miles, range at this speed. Slow just a little to 6.5mph and she can cruise for 50 miles.

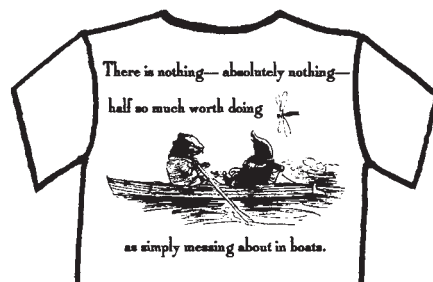
She is extremely inexpensive to operate. Batteries can be recharged overnight in a regular 120v 15a household outlet for about a dollar. This works out to about a nickel per mile

for "fuel" as compared to a dollar per mile for the 24' V-8 runabout going the same speed.

The drive system consists of a MARS brushless DC motor rated for 100 amps, 6hp, continuous duty. Brushless DC motors are a special type of AC motor approximately half the weight and 10% more efficient than a conventional series wound DC motor. A Sevcon PMAC programmable controller provides speed and directional control. Eight 6 volt 220 ah Concorde Lifeline absorbed glass mat deep cycle batteries are wired in series to provide 48 volts. AGM batteries are better suited to rapid charging or discharging and have a much lower self-discharge rate in storage. They also are not vented so produce no hydrogen gas and do not need to be watered so easy access in the boat is not required. A Link 10 energy monitor keeps track of current into and out of the batteries and a DeltaQ 48 volt 1kw charger is onboard and can be left plugged in at the dock 24/7.

*Sparky* has been well received since her August launching. She was awarded the Visitor's Award for most unique boat at the Wallaceburg, Ontario, classic boat show. She averaged 7.5 mph over 24 miles to win the monohull class and set a new course record in the Wye Island Electric Boat Marathon and went on the next day to win first place in the Traditional Boat/Modern Construction class at the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival in St Michaels, Maryland. She was also featured in the September 2007 issue of *Classic Yacht Magazine*.

This *Sparky* is for sale and hull #2 should be completed by summer 2008. For more information check out [wolfEboats.com](http://wolfEboats.com).



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The next day I had to go ashore to do laundry and shop for food and beer. Instead of taking the long paddle across the busy channel to the dinghy area (I had asked one of the local liveaboards) I went over to another shoal spot right next to the channel to the dinghy area, made sure I had a nice flat sandy area, and did the same. I figured the Brits do this all the time, so why not? Note: Never do laundry in a bar unless you are a smoker. All my clothes came out smelling like cigarette smoke!

Having taken care of shore needs I headed down island to the southern end of Estera and anchored off Coon Key within site of the bridge over Big Carlos Pass. This was a very nice anchorage, no one there but me, good holding, and close to Lovers Key State Park with its nice beaches. I explored the Estero Sound area while waiting for a cold front to pass before heading out on the open Gulf. As the boat had been designed for use in protected waters, I am not one to push things too much. After seeing all I cared to in that area NOAA said I would have a half-day of 2' to 4' seas before another cold front pushed the surf up again for two more days. Not wanted to spend another three days here, I left immediately and headed for Delnor-Wiggins Pass, about 9.5 miles south.

The nice thing about this part of the Gulf is that one is never more than six miles from an inlet in case things get rough. The swells were on my starboard quarter and *Drifter* handled them very well. I entered Wiggins Pass and thought to explore up river first but past the marina area it went right to 2'. I probably could have gone further by using the bow mounted trolling motor but decided to look for the State Park instead. I went back and turned off onto the channel heading south to Water Turkey Bay and found the ramp for the park. Since there was a good-sized dock I tied up and went ashore to explore.

The main park road was only about a quarter mile away with the beaches right beyond. Spigots in the rest rooms were handy to refill my water jugs, towing them from the dock in my handy folding cart. Got back and found a guy fishing off the end of the dock by my boat, and not wanting to disturb his fishing I decided to stay there until he left, state parks closing at sunset. I was only going 200' to anchor anyway. Settled down to read and watched the fishing with interest as he wasn't having much luck.

Everything down here in saltwater is different from my northern freshwater fishing. Well, maybe not so different after all. I watched him lose about two dozen shrimp to clown fish during the course of three hours. I know they were clown fish because two of

## A Winter in Florida

By Bob Slimak

### Part 2

them surfaced before tangling themselves in the mangroves. Having noticed a few days before that bait shrimp were selling for \$4.50 a dozen, I decided that I would be better off just eating the shrimp rather than feeding the fish!

After he left I cast off and anchored. This was right on the edge of the park so half the anchorage was natural. And the other half was all condos. It was very protected, however, and for the next few days small craft warnings were predicted on the Gulf. That, plus a paddle of only 200' to shore to walk in the park, made it a great place. I spent the next few days lazing around, reading, and walking the beaches which were very windy and chilly with the cold front.

I also explored the canals south into North Naples Park. Many obscenely huge homes but no stores. Some of these homes were so big that a whole Third World village could have lived in them. I never will understand why some people need so much space, either in a house or on a boat.

On what I figured would be my last day here before headed further south I took my grocery pack and started off walking to find a store. I ended up with a six-mile round trip to get to a Publix, the first grocery store I found. Good exercise, but hardly a good provisioning area!

The cold front having passed and the Gulf having calmed down, I headed south for Naples. It was a beautiful day on the Gulf. When I arrived in Naples I found boat after boat after boat. I headed back north from the pass to explore but after a mile or so decided this was just too crowded for me and turned back south into the inland waterway to Goodland. This turned out to be the busiest place on my whole trip with boat after boat passing me. My guidebook mentioned the many inviting beaches along this route but it must not have been updated. I did see many nice looking beaches but almost all of them had docks, cabins, or houses and no trespassing signs. With all the wakes from all the boats passing within 50' to 80' from shore I would not have wanted to be there anyway.

When I got to Marco Island, where the ICW goes almost out to the Gulf before heading back in, I saw another good example of one of the big problems facing the boating industry. As I was slowly (no wake zone)

headed towards the pass before the turn there was a boat coming across the channel off my port side. I was in his right of way zone so I had the right of way. Of course, I know better than to believe people know the rules of the road or even that there are rules of the road. I kept on just to see if he would give way, there being no danger since he was going slow also.

When we got to maybe 50' he kept coming but turned his body sideways in the boat and put his hands down, backside towards me, and pushed them out a couple of times in the classic shoo, shoo, go away signal. I immediately changed course to go behind him as it was now clear the man was an idiot. Then, after I had turned back inland. I found seven boats coming towards me taking up the whole channel from one side to another. Apparently they thought the channel was one way in their direction. After this I gave up all thoughts of stopping in Marco, left it to the crowds of idiots, and headed on to Goodland.

I digress, again. What I have noticed in recent years is that the average cruising boat is now about 10' to 12' longer than 17 years ago and almost all the boats, large or small, want to go fast. It seems the current thought is that simply buying a boat makes one a boater. I know it is not popular to think of government licensing. I don't want that either. But something has to be done to teach these idiots that there ARE rules, just as in driving a car, and they MUST be obeyed for boating to be safe. As it stands now, if I won the lottery and could afford a 150' boat, I can legally operate it unless I'm using it commercially.

How idiotic. I may have been boating all my life but I know I am not, at present, capable of safely handling a vessel that large. Maybe part of the solution is that no one be allowed to buy a boat without showing proof of completing either a Coast Guard Auxiliary or Power Squadron course. At least they then would know the rules and the whys and hows of safe boating. Whether they would follow them is another matter. This, at least, would not be a government license.

Back to cruising. I arrived in Goodland, stopped at the Calusa Island Marina for gas and ice. Finally I found a place with block ice! The first on this trip. Ice makers have probably decided they sell more ice by selling faster melting cubes. I suppose the other factor is that most people today are either going out only for the day or that all cruisers are expected to have refrigeration aboard.

I anchored about 200' off the marina docks in the bay, then paddled back to the marina, having gotten permission to leave the canoe there while I walked into town for sup-

Huge, ugly houseboat in Goodland. I can't imagine driving this thing around the waterways.



Mobile home park in Goodland.







Beach at Delnor-Wiggins State Park.



Beach at Picnic Key in the Ten Thousand Islands.

plies and to look around and have a late lunch ashore. The walk was about a mile from this marina. I could have gotten much closer but decided I needed the exercise anyway. After all I had heard about Goodland I was a bit disappointed. To me it has become just another tourist trap of overly expensive restaurants. To their credit they have thus far resisted the 50-story condos, although I did read that someone is trying to slip one in and they are fighting it. I hope they win.

Back at the boat, just before sunset, a big trawler came in and took the end of T on the marina dock. They only stepped ashore to tie up and were gone before I got my lazy butt out of bed the next morning. I just don't get why anyone, even if money is no object, would pay all that money not needing to go ashore. Unless I could be in a slip with a four way tie-off, I would much prefer to be at anchor instead of bouncing against a dockside.

Leaving Goodland the next morning I headed off into the Ten Thousand Islands and found paradise. I lost all the great big boats. In a week spent in the islands the only big boats I saw were the excursion boats giving tours from Everglades City and they stuck to the Barron River and outer Gulf. There were quite a few pontoons and fishing boats around and canoeists and kayakers, but most passed by at a good distance. I was pleasantly surprised to find so many beautiful beaches as I had expected to find mostly mangrove shorelines again. I am the kind of boater who likes getting off the boat and walking so I made good use of the beaches. Even on the beaches that are designated campgrounds for the paddling crowd, they seemed to stay at the campground end and not walk the whole beach. I guess after paddling all day they figure they have had enough exercise. That left most beaches for me!

A further sign of people not bothering to walk the whole beach is that I finally found Angel Wing shells, lots and lots of them, hundreds of them. I also found Bay and Callico Scallops, Broadribbed Cardita, Rose Petal Tellin, Sun Ray Venus, Ponderous Ark, Van Hynings Cockle, and Lightning and Pear Whelks. Shelling here was much better than at famed Sanibel, I also found ideal protected anchorages throughout the islands. I was also surprised by the depth of the water, finding much more than shown on my charts. This made me think of the big boats again and I wondered if the reason they aren't here is because there are afraid of the water depths. Or is it simply that they want to go only from marina to marina. No matter, I'm glad they're not here.

One day I took the obligatory trip up the Barron River to Everglades in need of food, ice, and beer. Again there was the problem of where and how to get ashore if not taking a marina slip. There really wasn't anyplace to anchor out of the channel as it's very shallow there. My shallow draft came in handy again as I found a spot on the wall by the Park Service Headquarters that was not signed off for the excursion boats. I went ashore and got permission to stay there. They said fine but informed me that it was just a mudflat a low tide. I figured it would be but said I would be gone long before then. There might have been a place one could tie off to the bank up the river near the marina but I did not go look, not wanting to stay long anyway.

After looking around the park museum and getting info, I walked to town and got my supplies and headed back out to anchor. All in all, this is a beautiful cruising area and I wished I'd had the time to continue along the coast down to the Little Shark River and into Whitewater Bay. Another year perhaps,

as I think the Keys would take a whole winter by themselves, what with my lazy style of non-hurried cruising.

Time to head back, which was more or less the reverse of coming down. I had thought of going outside instead of putting up with all the boats on the inland route, but after a look at how far off one has to go to clear the Cape Romano Shoals, I was not sure I had enough gas to get into Big Marco Pass, and if I had to go all the way into Goodland for gas I might as well take the inland route. The weather continued to be perfect, in fact hotter than normal for this time of year. I didn't have any delays waiting for the Gulf to calm and, in fact, could have made it back in one day.

Not needing to rush, however, I did stop and anchor off of Naples Pass and back at Delnor-Wiggins again. Then, instead of going all the way up to Big Carlos Pass, I went in at New Pass and followed Estero Sound north, anchoring again off Big Carlos Pass. Seventeen years ago this was all done by plotting courses, doing dead reckoning, taking bearings, and plotting positions. GPS sure has made things simple. I think everyone should still know how to navigate the old way, however, and have paper charts. This was simple coastal cruising and you can't really get lost, but what would you do offshore if your GPS broke and you did not know what to do?

Anyway, I stopped in at Bimini Basin again to get beer, then the next day went back to Chester's dock. I did my laundry and prepared the boat for takeout. The next morning Chester helped me put *Drifter* back on its trailer and that was the end of my South Florida adventures, at least for this year. A friend is driving down from Duluth to meet me at Palatka on the St. Johns River, so off for more adventures.

**(To Be Continued)**

An anchorage in the Ten Thousand Islands.



Beached at Kingston Key in the Ten Thousand Islands.



**(Editor's Note:** When this story appeared in the September 15 issue the third page was replaced in error by the printer after we had approved the proof. Rather than just run the correct third page, I decided to re-run the article in its entirety for continuity.)

Off the coast of Louisiana lies a long, graceful crescent of small islands that offered an enticing objective for spring sailing this year, 2007. The Chandeleur Islands, so they are called, had been reintroduced to my awareness by the gift of a book about Walter Inglis Anderson, a regional artist who took his inspiration from islands in the Gulf of Mexico beyond his studio in Ocean Springs, Mississippi. Much of his work was taken from life on Horn Island and the similar others that stretch from the Louisiana-Mississippi border nearly to Mobile Bay, about midway along the Alabama shore. Cat, West Ship, East Ship, Petit Bois, and Dauphin islands are also in the group. Much of the land is federally owned and managed by the Gulf Islands National Seashore. Anderson also often visited the Chandeleurs, which lie south and west, closer to the "toe" of Louisiana. They are now part of the Breton National Wildlife Refuge. The whole area had been much on my mind since Hurricane Katrina.

Having previously sailed, in bits and pieces over the course of several years, all of the of Florida coastline from the Florida Keys up to Panama City, I decided to leave from the latter so as to finish up the remainder of the west side of Florida; that is, Panama City to Perdido Key (the westernmost town). From there, I planned to continue toward the Chandeleurs as far as circumstances would allow. Though this 100-mile segment of the Florida mainland does not especially appeal as it is heavily developed with high-rise condominiums, it has a few things going for it nevertheless, such as clear, deep water and white sand beaches. I had been "saving" it to do in a particular set of winter conditions, from east to west in a northeaster, as the slant of the coast would have made a protected lee in that breeze. Winter had slipped by somehow but the forecast for the last week of March indicated a moderate easterly flow with no rain, good enough.

I had dinner with my folks, who live in Panama City, and departed the following day from the city marina there on a fine spring Thursday. The predicted easterly faded about halfway across St. Andrews Bay but was replaced by a light sea breeze. I tacked out of the pass into the Gulf between rock jetties, trying to keep an eye on everything that was going on, which was a lot, it being spring break. Turning alongshore I maneuvered around the stern of a fake pirate ship and stood on to the west, goggling at the miles of new condos built since my last time sailing in the area.

Around sunset the sea breeze went light in front of a familiar strip of beach so I anchored to see how the boat would behave in the open Gulf. It must have behaved pretty well because I was soon fast asleep and didn't wake up until the pre-dawn hours, covered in dew. The easterly had started back up so I got underway and began reeling off miles in the rosy morning. I anchored and swam ashore at Seaside, a town of New Urbanism architecture sited on a prominent bluff, and sat on a

## Chasing Walter Anderson

By Walt Donaldson

park bench for awhile in my wetsuit, observing the antics.

Continuing, I ran down the beach all day, the wind a steady "barely capping" breeze. It couldn't have been easier. The scene on the beach got a bit manic around Destin, which is beginning to look somewhat insane, like Las Vegas. Each group of condo towers has its own para-sailing operation and I slowly became accustomed to soaring tourists entering my peripheral vision. Reaching Destin Pass at high tide I found it a thrilling, transparent, aqua blue comparable to the Keys. A big schooner motored out with her headsails sheeted on the wrong side of the boat. I was yearning for a swim in the beautiful water but it was full of sea nettles, more than I had ever seen. Curiously there were also more sea turtles than I had ever seen and I wondered if the turtles were eating the jellyfish.

I spent a second night in the Gulf anchored about 200 yards offshore of quiet Eglin Air Force Base property just west of Fort Walton Beach. The wind had died both days at sunset and though the ground swell and longshore current were both running strong, I felt fairly secure in such a positive forecast, settled high pressure. Basically my protocol was, "if you can go, do go. If you can't, sleep." Thus I was up at an unusual hour and made some early miles on the third day, heaving to for breakfast near a stupendous tower built right on the beach on government (military) property. The Eiffel Tower has nothing on this thing. In the *Gazeteer* it simply says "Lookout." Indeed.

Cruised the morning away and approached Pensacola Beach around noon. I saw the first hurricane damage east of there, picnic shelters leaning drunkenly. The road along the undeveloped portion of Santa Rosa beach (one of Florida's two sections of the Gulf Islands National Seashore) was still closed to motor vehicles, which brought out a few nature lovers. It was Saturday, after all. One fellow was pedaling along on his bicycle naked as a jaybird and we saluted each other with spirited waves. I have a cousin in Pensacola Beach so I called him to say, "run down to the water—the freak show is passing by," but only spoke to his answering machine.

The long peninsula out to Pensacola Pass and Fort Pickens (the other Florida section of the National Seashore) was soon abeam, the latter's stand of longleaf pine woods all rusty brown, presumably from salt spray during hurricanes. I sailed through swirling tidal waters around the pass and on along to Perdido Key. The wind shut off with about a mile of Florida left. Not having much choice, I spent a third night in the Gulf. When the easterly starting puffing before daylight I attempted to sneak by the Orange Beach inlet (at the Alabama line) before the first fishing boats came out. That didn't work. I felt like one of those bears or ducks in an arcade shooting gallery. Finally, after several zigs and zags, I picked up a fresh breeze and sailed clear. Among the condos was a pretty public area with a main building that had a roof shaped like an inverted airplane wing. I wonder if this was a strategy to keep the roof on during hurricanes. Apparently it does.

Gulf Shores, Alabama, seemed mostly undamaged by storms and nearing the end of it the wind dropped to calm in front of another public (looking) building set on a large, undeveloped property. To test my freshwater acquisition scheme, I put on a mask and fins, slung two plastic jugs on a long cord, and swam in through the surf, the boat anchored just outside the breakers. The building turned out to be someone's residence so I hallooed the house and approached respectfully, waving my jugs overhead. The place was deserted so I filled up from the spigot with some sub-par well water and skedaddled. The breeze revived and I was soon on my way.

The next populated area was a long row of beach houses just east of Mobile Bay, which I found out later is called Fort Morgan. It dwindles and finally ends at the real Fort Morgan, an American Civil War structure guarding the strategic peninsula on the east side of the bay entrance, Mobile Point. Once there I had the novel experience of having a tide rip form all about me. I could see that I was heading into a bit of one, then it seemed to grow, dramatically. After that the wind faltered and then died convincingly right in the middle of the ship channel. Nothing was coming right at the moment, but nonetheless I began to ply oars with some determination. An intimidating number of oilfield support vessels, ferries, and container ships were moving rapidly across various points of the horizon. I don't have much to say about the rest of that day, other than that I wore through a good set of oar leathers.

I finally made it across the bay entrance to the similarly strategic position on the other side called Fort Gaines. This one is sited on the eastern tip of Dauphin Island, a populated island with a causeway running to it from the Alabama mainland. Dauphin was cut in half by Katrina and the western half is now unpopulated, with no manmade structures. An oddly-positioned barrier island sits just offshore of Fort Gaines, called Pelican Island. In satellite photographs it resembles the lower jaw of a snake, gaping wide open with the eastern end of Dauphin Island as the head. At the northwest end (the hinge of the jaw) the gap is very small but appears deep in satellite imagery, printouts of which were the only charts that I had. By first light the next morning I had proceeded to this gap and was confounded by what I saw. It was deep enough all right, but blocked by a fishing pier with a big sign that read "No Boats Within 500 Feet." The offshore end of the pier crossed the gap and was planted in sand, or so it first appeared. The tide being dead low and the fishing pier boarded up and shut, I anchored on the island side and had a look around.

Two possibilities presented themselves (aside from beating upwind in light air three miles or so to go around the other end of the island). One was to unstep the mast and shoot the pier that way, which would have been straightforward, though laborious. The offshore end turned out to have a shallow moat around it though, ankle deep. The tide was pouring in so I figured the better option was to wait until there was enough water to wade the boat around through the moat. I went for a walk and then decided to cook breakfast. Halfway through the process the pier opened for business and the first fishermen walked out. The windows of the pier house remained boarded up.

Deciding that it was now or never, I interrupted the breakfast, weighed anchor,



and started pushing. Some creativity was required, executing three-point turns into slightly deeper places, judicious digging, and so on. Finally I maneuvered her out of there, nodding and waving at the fishermen. I had decided that my strategy for dealing with the pier dude, should that have become necessary, would be to play dumb, pleading ignorance. Which wouldn't have been much of stretch.

The best sailing of the trip started right then. Running out into deep water the wind built to a whitecap breeze and I settled into an efficient course surfing the swells due west. The uninhabited half of Dauphin Island fell astern and I spotted the trees of Petit Bois soon thereafter. After a sleigh ride of 25 miles or so I split a pair of seagoing buoys that indicated the ship channel leading into Pascagoula and luffed up for a little head-scratching. I considered heading into the Mississippi Sound to visit Horn Island, after all, I was chasing Walter Anderson. However, a fishing boat came out and headed southwest. A minor procession of birds were going that way, too. Some dolphins came up for air and disappeared in a significant direction and suddenly I knew what to do.

Well, it was a memorable crossing. About the time that Horn Island disappeared under the horizon the swells became longer, higher, and more regular. The water turned an offshore dark blue and Portuguese man o' war shared the waves, heeled over and all on the same course, north. I picked up the Chandeleur light at 2pm and heaved to in the lee of it to take stock of the situation. It was blowing like bloody hell with no land in sight. This was a little unsettling, having heard rumors that the islands were obliterated by Hurricane Katrina. However, the US Geological Survey had recently posted "after" images on their website so I knew there was something out there, somewhere. I took in the jib and began slugging it out upwind, bearing roughly south-southeast. By and by some low tawny lumps were visible from the wave tops and I let out a cheer. It became a matter of doing the ordinary before too much longer and at sunset I was warm and dry, 15' from a hard sand islet with two anchors down and glad to be there.

Leaned back in the twilight on a rolled-up sleeping bag I gazed upon a panorama of new surroundings. A meal of profound squareness and density was nearing completion on a propane stove between my feet. Sea birds were heading to roost, working hard against the whistling wind. I could relate to that. A small shark devoured his prey about 5' from my right elbow, and as soon as dinner finished cooking I could relate to that, too.

The next morning I walked the perimeter of the islet. I had been concerned that the Chandeleurs were going to be one big trash-pile of plastic as they face the prevailing current on one side and the Mississippi River on the other, but it was no worse than usual for a barrier island. Mostly the islands were scoured clean by the hurricanes, though I did find a good football and a 2 1/2 gal jug of cooking oil in the first five minutes. There are no trees. The surf zone extended several hundred yards out, perhaps to the former beach area. The current shoreline is clearly not the natural one, full of the roots of bushes and grass.

The high wind finally moderated at mid-morning, so I headed out on a reconnoiter, due south. What appeared to be a large ship very far away turned out to be a small



My boat is a 28' New Haven sharpie designed by Reuel Parker.

ship only three miles away and I passed close astern. She was a research vessel out of Biloxi with six skiffs strung out like ducklings behind, all with communication antennae. Inshore of the ship was a building set on a spud barge, surrounded by quite a few white plastic pipes stuck down into the bottom.

I continued to the islands or cays that lie inshore of the main group and was very glad later to have visited. These had beaches of nearly pure shell and the water was clearer. The interiors were salt marsh and bayou systems. Walter Anderson studied pelican colonies here and noted their demise and near extinction from DDT. Among these cays the water was plenty deep enough for a cruising boat. I checked one protected anchorage between the northernmost two islands with my long bamboo pole and it was 7' over sandy bottom. I explored farther south until I could see the southern light and then turned back, very impressed with the Chandeleurs. It is dark and simply wonderful at night, no electric lights are visible. The air was as pure as any I have ever experienced. I saw three fishing boats, the research vessel mentioned, and that's it. There are no signs posting anything at all. Bugs were no problem, but it was windy.

Not being able to tune in a weather forecast, I watched the sky carefully that night. A big ring surrounded the moon. I decided that I had better head back when the wind started clocking south (it was still east) and in the morning it was southeast. A few of the gaps between islands have enough tide running through so that they are useful as passes. The evening before I had surveyed the widest and deepest of these. At sunrise conditions were safe for crossing the bar through a gap in the surf where the swells got steep but didn't break. Liking this old-style passage, I punched through and set a course for the west end of Horn, about north. After another good crossing, this one in much lighter weather, I sailed around to the bay side and went ashore for a hike.

Fifteen miles long, Horn Island makes an altogether different impression than the friendly isles of the Chandeleurs. It became plain to me how acetic Walter Anderson must have been. From atop a dune I looked through binoculars across to the mainland,

toward the artist's points of departure. It is a long, hard way. His usual mode of transport was a decrepit skiff. Then I turned and scanned the harsh interior, a wilderness of savanna, marsh, bayou, and pine woods, much of the latter killed by salt.

I returned to sailing with a fresh perspective and spent the rest of the day going to weather in the Mississippi Sound. The wind had gone back around to the east and was blowing hard again. Nevertheless, I began having a ripping good time and was able to beat up the full length of the island. At sunset I headed in to anchor. The east end of Horn is the end nearer to Pascagoula and some fools had been out there throwing trash and beer cans around, but otherwise the terrain was quite striking with high dunes and, as I mentioned before, it is vast. I climbed the largest dune to take in a vista and decided it was the very same dune that I had climbed on my first visit in high school. I grew up over there on the coast of Mississippi. Sometime in the '90s I returned with my girlfriend in kayaks. We had an unforgettable crossing on Christmas Day in a hard norther, and so "motivated" was she to get through the most exposed part of the Sound (it is about ten miles across) she left me far behind, paddling so fast as to pull a noticeable stern wave. I've never seen an athletic performance anything like it. As she reached the bayside beach and battled the surf I could see her paddle blades twinkling in the sun, right at the limit of my far vision. That norther lasted for five days. She didn't have much to say for the first couple of them.

Scores of horseshoe crabs inhabited the anchorage, apparently gathered together for some kind of full-moon mating event. My anchors, half buried in the sandy bottom, evidently drove a few of the smaller ones wild with desire. In the morning I sailed over to Pascagoula to check out the hurricane damage. Along the way I passed near Round Island, once the site of a lighthouse. Every tree was dead and the lighthouse was destroyed. Only the foundation and first few courses of masonry were left. The mainland at first glance had fared much better, but approaching the front road along the beach it became apparent the many of the houses were new. Some of the grand circular driveways now

led to manufactured housing units and FEMA trailers. The oaks looked in pretty good shape though, covered in new growth. Most remaining pines leaned toward the northwest.

The wind remained frustratingly light, and it took most of the day to gain the lee side of Petit Bois Island, east of Horn in the National Seashore chain. Once there, the wind began to veer southerly and I was able to clear Petit Bois and bridge the gap to Dauphin Island, just out of sight over the horizon. I anchored for the night in deep water behind the hook of Dauphin's west end. The sea was filled with an extraordinary phosphorescence, bluer and more electric than normally seen.

The next morning, a Friday, began innocently enough with the usual light easterly. Its direction was the reciprocal of my course but there was not much to be done about that. Deciding to do a long board clear across the Mississippi Sound, as I had never been over there around Bayou LaFourche and Bayou La Batre (the locals say, "by-lah-BAT-tree"), I hauled my wind and headed north. Just about the latitude of the Intracoastal Waterway, about halfway across, a strong wind out of clear blue sky came sweeping in most boisterously. My eyelids would actually flutter (flog?) whenever I looked straight to windward. The center of the Sound quickly became not a good place to be. The island side seemed to offer slightly more of a lee so I tacked to take advantage. Mysteriously I crossed the bow of the only sailboat seen sailing during the trip right about this time. That gentleman was jogging along under a partially furled jib, snug behind his dodger, in perfect control. On the other hand, my progress (in the wrong direction) could only have reminded him of rodeo bull riding or perhaps a submarine preparing to dive.

Nearing the island again I was nearly overcome by the "chute" of wind that seems to form right along shore when the wind is only slightly oblique to it. Having had enough, I ran up into 2' of water and anchored. Even that shallow the boat was still pitching badly. Not too far away was the place where Dau-

phin Island was bisected during the Katrina summer. The pass was breaking all the way across and the leftover swell was wrapping around the island, running straight down the bay side. Hoping that things would settle down in the afternoon, I waded ashore and went for a walk. Dauphin seemed a much less harsh place than Horn, and indeed the soft brown grass in the lee of a small dune soon changed the plan from walking to napping. Sometimes just lying flat, in shade, on a surface that doesn't move is enough to give rise to a perfect happiness.

Late in the day, I walked to the cut and was able to get a phone signal. A few moments later the trip had basically ended. A good friend had died suddenly and it was time to go home. I called my father, who is over 70 now but plenty spry enough to show up in Bayou La Batre, at least 150 miles from home with an unfamiliar boat trailer, at 9:00 the next morning. Good old Pop. Crossing the Mobile Bay causeway at highway speed we looked down to see it covered with whitecaps from the persistent east wind, still blowing hard.

Epilogue: You can see all of this clearly, including good pictures of the Chandeurs, by going to Google, clicking on the "Maps" link, and typing the places mentioned. From there you will be able to choose either a map or a satellite image. I recommend satellite. Writing the story, I did this for Pelican Island to make sure it worked and the pier in the story is clearly visible. Making preparations for the trip it was not there, or else I had not zoomed enough. Perhaps Google finally updated the image.

#### Who Was Walter Anderson?

An artist and author of unusual temperament, high technical achievement, and singular lifestyle, this native of the Mississippi Gulf Coast, known by his friends and family as Bob, spent long periods from 1947 until 1965 (the year of his death) on the islands offshore of his home and studio in Ocean Springs, especially Horn Island. Read the internet Wikipedia entry for a superb biographical summary, including descriptions of a few

nearly unbelievable exploits such as riding his bicycle across China to examine Tibetan murals, or walking home 1,000 miles to Mississippi after escaping from a mental hospital in Baltimore. According to the Walter Anderson Museum of Art website (this is a quote from the curator, Joey Rice), "His paintings from the Horn Island period present a conundrum for the viewer. They were not intended to be polished works of art ready for exhibition, nor were they historical or autobiographical works. In truth, the real meaning of the paintings lies in the fact that they are the evidence or by-product of the artist's search for 'realization.'"

And that is just what they look like. Furthermore (and this is a quote from his son, John Anderson), "The critical message which is subtly conveyed throughout all of Walter Anderson's later paintings is the 'state of being' of the artist who painted them."

That is right on the money, too. Examples of his art are posted on the museum's website.

Perhaps the thing that impresses me the most about Anderson his fortitude. I have visited some of the bayous and lagoons in which he would think nothing of spending the day in, chest deep and holding his drawing materials up out of the water, sketching a heron or something. I was barely able to tolerate standing on the bank for a few minutes. Horn Island is a daunting place. With contrary or nonexistent wind, or tired of rowing, Anderson would get out of his skiff and push across the shallows for miles. I simply don't see how he could get away with it considering the number of stingrays and small sharks in the area. And yet he did, year after year.

Finally, here is a quote from the man himself, "The first poetry is always written against the wind by sailors and farmers who sing with the wind in their teeth. The second poetry is written by scholars and students, wine drinkers who [have] learned to know a good thing. The third poetry is sometimes never written; but when it is, it is written by those who have brought nature and art together into one thing."

Horn Island, interior. These are old photographs. Note disgruntled girlfriend.





A Coast Guard base in Iowa may sound silly, but just think about a buoy tender built in Blair, Nebraska. Iowa and Nebraska are about as far from the coast as you can get in this country. In 1960 both of these things were a part of my life.

My boat that spring was the USCG *Lantana* and its home port was Keokuk, Iowa. Keokuk is the southernmost town in Iowa and the location of Lock and Dam 19. The upper wall of Lock 19 was the home base for the *Lantana*. I went aboard the *Lantana* the previous fall and spent a winter downriver working aids to navigation in the lower Ohio between Louisville, Kentucky, and Cairo, Illinois. Owensboro, Kentucky, was our temporary home but when spring came we were back in Iowa.

The normal working area for the *Lantana* was from Clarksville, Missouri, to Dubuque, Iowa. I was aboard this vessel just long enough to make one round trip of its area. The lock at Keokuk is massive. It was at that time the largest lock on the Mississippi River. It is a 1,200' lock, double the size of most locks on the river and it has a 38' lift. The high lift dam was a logical place to build a power station and that had been done. The power plant was near the center of the river with the controllable parts of the dam on the Illinois side. On the Iowa side was the large lock and an old smaller lock. Between the locks and power plant was a curved dam with a road on top large enough for light trucks. Our home base was on the upstream side of this section of dam.

When we returned from Kentucky there was a large stern wheel steam towboat moored just ahead of our moorings. This boat was named the *George M. Verity*. I was fascinated by this towboat. It dwarfed our buoy tender. This boat from the past was about as big as our boat and its barge combined. To this future "River Rat" the *Verity* was the

## Parking the Verity

By Mississippi Bob

most interesting thing in Keokuk. I visited her many times while we were neighbors.

Being a steamboat they did everything with steam. Machinery where one might expect to find an electric motor, like on winches and pumps, were all driven by small steam engines. There were little steam engines all over the boat. Plumbing ran everywhere. It was mostly brass. When the crew walked off this boat they left everything polished. There was gleaming brass everywhere. We learned that the boat belonged to the City of Keokuk and that they expected us to move it into its final resting place just below the lock.

A few days later we got our Murphys warmed up, all 600 horses that our Murphys had to offer. We disconnected our barge and slipped in behind the *Verity* and began wiring up to its stern. When we were well fastened our skipper went up to the wheelhouse of the *Verity* and his number two took over the controls of the *Lantana*. We cast off and headed to the lock where we locked down into the river below. The river was raging with the spring flood.

Below the lock is a highway bridge and just below that a city park. The park was on a point of land not far above the De Moines River where Missouri begins. The city had excavated a ditch into this park that was filled with water from the spring runoff. Our job was to park the *Verity* in this ditch. Everything was planned so we would make this move at the same time as the crest of that spring's flood.

We dropped downriver and made a turn and headed back upriver toward the city park. The ditch that we were aiming at was nearly perpendicular to the river and our boat didn't

have the oomph to bring the *Verity* around to that angle. Time for Plan B. We nosed into the bank and waited while the powers that be talked it over. Arms were waving and folks on the shore were pointing this way and that and we could only guess what the discussion was all about.

Before long a tow truck showed up and the directors had him back up to a stone wall at the edge of a parking lot that was just upstream from the excavation. This tow truck was a big wrecker by 1960 standards. The driver got out and began to spool out wire from his winch. Our crew sent over a messenger that got attached to his wire and we pulled it across the open water to the stern of the *Verity* where we fastened it to a stern cleat on the steamer. The truck driver took up the slack and we were ready for a second try.

With all 600 horses that Murphy could muster we started the bow of the *Verity* into the opening that was prepared for it and then began trying to move the stern upstream against the flood. Both Murphys roared and the truck driver began pulling in slack then just when it seemed that things were going well the truck leaped over a 3' stone wall like it wasn't even there. Just when everything seemed to be going wrong the truck stopped its backward slide toward the river and the right things began to happen. We managed to pivot the *Verity* around with the help of the wire from the truck and she slid into her berth nice as could be. Seems like the old girl didn't want to be retired but a joint effort from the Coast Guard, the Corps of Engineers, and the city engineers won the day.

I don't know how they got the truck off the top of the wall or how they cemented the boat into its final resting place. I was off to a new duty station in Cincinnati, Ohio.

A call to Keokuk verified to me that we did the job right and that the boat is still a show piece on the Keokuk waterfront.



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## The International Scene

A switch from traditional bunker fuels to marine distillates might reduce pollution but would cost \$67 billion in the next five years, \$126 billion by 2020, and wouldn't be possible because there isn't enough refining capacity, reported an industry study group.

China is choking on its own success, said one speaker, noting that pollution and industrial accidents kill thousands each year and environmental degradation is rampant. He said that a Chinese textile worker makes less (adjusted for inflation) than a Chinese laborer working on a US railroad in the 1850s.

A shortage of oil tanks in Singapore has led to the use of tankers for storage.

Chinese car exporters to foreign markets are facing a shortage of car carriers, Japanese ports struggle to attract container ships, and the Philippine domestic shipping industry cannot find enough qualified officers. But opening of the Arctic could save 47 days on a 120-day voyage and at a charter rate of \$54,000 per day for a VL... you do the arithmetic.

At least 1,000 Indian mariners, and perhaps many more, have fake documents. And a Philippine court ruled that if a mariner was disabled for 120 days he was permanently disabled.

The US is paying for a coastal radar surveillance network along the coast of Yemen that will watch the Horn of Africa and the gateway to the Suez Canal. Look for a similar system in Malaysia.

Norway has proposed overhauling its tax codes, including a retro-tax on shipping. Norwegian ship owners say they will shift their ships to the British flag if the changes are enacted.

Protesters picketed the British nuclear-submarine base at Faslane for one year and 1,100 arrests were made, the government spent £5 million for policing and nothing was changed.

## Thin Places and Hard Knocks

Ships sank: The freighter *Sunny Day* sank off Turkey and 31 crewmen were saved. A large number of trucks carrying fruit were not saved.

The Belize registered cargo ship *Heng Tai* sank in the Andaman Sea off Thailand and two went missing.

The small Russian cargo ship *Quartz* sank in Sakhalin Bay, the crew of five was not saved.

In the Philippines searchers looked for survivors from the cargo ship *Mia*, which sank off Palawan Province.

Ships collided: The container ship *Hutuhoe* collided with four barges on the Saigon River loading rice on a vessel bound for Indonesia. One barge sank, the others were damaged.

The *Chang Tong* and the container ship *Hanjin Gothenburg* collided in the China Bohai Sea. Both maintained station to keep water influx at a minimum but apparently the *Chang Tong* finally folded around the bow of the container ship and then slipped off and sank. The *Hanjin Gothenburg* sailed into port with one of the other ship's cranes dangling over the starboard side.

In China's Hubei Province a ferry collided with a ship and sank, five died.

In Flushing Roads (Holland) the small cargo ship *Arklow Flair* collided with the small cargo ship *Agat*. The *Agat's* master was found to have been drinking and was fined 2,000 euros.

Ships went aground: The Norwegian tanker *Bow Star* met mud off Indonesia.

## Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

In Brazil the geared bulkier *Naviaos* ARC blocked the channel at the Port of Rio Grande "due to the rupture watches them (handles that arrests it to the wharf)." Well, that's exactly what a news reports said!

The small cargo ship *Pipit* went aground while entering the Dutch port of Yerseke when it hit a pipe supplying local mussel companies with seawater. The master tried to re-float his ship but had to call upon the tugs *Zephyrus* and *Delta* for help. They succeeded.

Other things happened: A fire on the Greek *Sea Angel* carrying nearly 600 Russian cars to Turkey was brought under control.

In Norfolk fire on the guided-missile cruiser *USS Leyte Gulf* injured five workers.

In a Black Sea shipyard the *Vera I* had an engine room fire but extinguishing the fire proved difficult because water to the yard had been cut off to enable repairs.

In St Petersburg fire ravaged the bridge area of the drydocked Russian icebreaker *Ivan Kruzenshtern*.

In Solway Firth the jack-up rig *Lisa A* was working at the Robin Rigg wind farm when it suddenly listed. All 38 on board were saved when the crane operator lifted everyone except himself onto safety vessels. He was later rescued by a helicopter.

Off Kerala, the VLCC tanker *Kolossi* saved two Indian fishermen who had been drifting for 12 hours while clutching a foam container.

People died or nearly died: In New York harbor two Bangladeshi crewmen jumped off a freighter, One went missing, the other was found on an island covered in garbage bags.

In Singapore a shipyard fire killed two working on the bottom plates inside a ship while 301 others were evacuated.

At Curaçao five welders were killed by an explosion on the offshore support vessel *Seamec II* when they "ignited oxygen fumes." That's what the news report said.

A crewman on the South African Antarctic supply ship *SA Argulhas* stabbed another crewman to death, apparently after a late night drinking session.

In the North Sea three workers died inside the paint locker of the oilfields emergency rescue vessel *Viking Isla*.

In California the entire port of Oakland was closed down for the day after a longshoreman died when struck by a container while working on the *CMS Stuttgart Express*.

In Durban, South Africa, a marine surveyor taking photos for a client was struck and killed by a forklift and a worker without a safety belt fell while cleaning a crane. He landed in a threshing machine which proceeded to dismember him.

## Gray Fleets

Navies around world exercised together: South Africa and the US; Canada, France, the Netherlands, the US, China, and France plus a dozen Latin American and Caribbean nations; the US and Russia; China and New Zealand...

South Korea unveiled the very capable *ROKS Dokdo* (LPH 6111), a 14,000 ton amphibious landing vessel plus transport that is the first of a class and Asia's largest vessel of the type.

The US Navy chartered a former Soviet semi-submersible heavy lift ship, the *Trans-*

*shelf*, to be a part of its Maritime Prepositioning Force (Future) Fleet. It will support R&D of future concepts and technologies. Since the US no longer has any diesel-electric submarines, it must import such subs to train against.

The Chilean submarine *CNS Simpson* (DD 21) arrived in California to provide a target for three months of ASW training. Interestingly for Navy buffs, this sub is a modern, German-built Type 209 but it bears both the name and hull number of an older Simpson, the WWII vintage *USS Spot*, sold to Chile in 1975 and deleted there in 1982.

The Royal Navy fired the commanding officer of the frigate *HMS Richmond* for being "professionally incompetent." He was dubbed "Captain Calamity" because of his performance during a special training exercise.

The Senior Service may have to eliminate half of its fleet to build and operate two aircraft carriers but it is planning on another fleet of super ships by 2020. The stealth warships, reportedly a cross between an aircraft carrier and the Navy's latest destroyers (!), would replace existing frigates.

In Russia some 400 sunken and abandoned Navy vessels litter ports and shores and pose a threat to shipping and the environment. And the legendary Soviet submarine K-19 is being reconstructed and will become part of a museum outside Moscow. The sub was nicknamed *Hiroshima* because of the numerous technical and operational problems that killed at least 36 of its crew during its operational life.

Did the Australian Navy pay for breast enlargements of at least two of its female officers? A plastic surgeon said he did two boob jobs at £4,200 each but the Navy denied any such jobs had been done for purely cosmetic reasons.

## White Fleets

Off Italy, passengers got their fill of excitement when the *Island Star* lost lights and power and the master announced that experts were being flown out to fix the problems. The ship soon managed to proceed towards Nice but then power failed again and the master ordered everyone to take to the lifeboats, saying he could not hazard the lives of 1,489 passengers and crew in such an emergency. They were evacuated and the cruise company arranged for refunds.

A random altercation between two males on the *Elation* a few hours after departing San Diego left one in a coma and fighting for his life.

A woman passenger from the *Norwegian Star* was killed while walking the dock at Ketchikan. She was struck by an amphibious tour vehicle.

The body of woman reported missing from the *Oceana* on a short voyage from Calshot and Cowes was found.

In Michigan a man fell overboard from the tour boat *Keweenaw Star*. He was leaning backward on the rail when he slipped.

At Rhodes more than 900 passengers were evacuated but the crew of the *Dream* and the vessel were detained for dumping wastes in the harbor. The ship had developed a list and port authorities found that waste tanks had overflowed inside the ship and crude openings, apparently for discharge overboard, were blocked with wooden plugs.

At the Mexican resort of Rocky Point a snorkeling female tour guide suffered severe spinal injuries when a passenger on the free drinks tour boat *Fiesta Cruiser* slid down a slide from an upper deck and landed on her.



Windjammer Cruises had perhaps temporary financial problems that kept all four of its big sailing ships idle in various Caribbean ports.

Cunard announced that it had let a contract for building another big cruise ship to be named (with the Queen's permission) *Queen Elizabeth*. Delivery will be 2010.

Princess Cruises will resume stops in the US Virgin Islands after US authorities made arrangements to ease immigration problems that had irked non-American passengers.

*Aurora* arrived at Halifax with possibly a dozen plus cases of norovirus infection.

Cruise ship crime in the first five months affected less than 0.01% of American passengers carried: four missing, 13 assaults with serious injury, 35 simple assaults, 42 sexual assaults, one tampering with vessel, 13 thefts of over \$20,000, 41 thefts under \$10,000, 28 cases of inappropriate sexual contact, four deaths (two suicides, one natural, one accidental), four no-reboards, and 22 miscellaneous. So go sign up for a cruise.

### Those That Go Back and Forth

In Nigeria at least 38 drowned and 48 were missing after two ferries collided on River Dole-Kaina. One boat was loaded with petroleum products, which burst into flames, burning several people.

In Nepal a ferry capsized and about 28 of its 40 passengers were dead or missing.

Several ferries simply ran aground: the *Nisa Penida* 300m metres away from the Padang ferry terminal in Bali; the fast, foil-borne *Voshkhod-60* in the Krasnoyarsk Territory; and the Philippine ferry *Wesam Express*.

Some just hit things: the Japanese passenger ro-ro (ferry) *Oita* hit a lighthouse as it sailed out of Beppu; the ro-ro *Penida* hit the bottom after being struck by a large wave off Padang Bai.

The passenger ro-ro *Sinu-I-Wasa III* was engulfed in flames in Fiji caused by a workers burning off corrosion.

The *USS Stout* (DDG 55) rescued a Tanzanian ferry off Somalia after it ran out of fuel and had engine problems.

In Norway the coastal Hurtigruten passenger ship *Nordlys* was hit by a gust of wind and smacked the pier at Honningsvåg and received a hole in its hull.

In Sydney Harbor ferry workers apologized to passengers for the ferries that didn't meet schedules or simply didn't show up.

Being a ferry officer can lead to legal troubles. A Vietnamese court sentenced the master of an overloaded river ferry to seven years in jail. The ferry capsized and sank after water buffalos on board panicked and moved to one side when the vessel hit rough waters. Eleven passengers died.

In Java a panel of judges sentenced the master of the ferry *Senopati Nusantara* to 2.5 years in jail for improperly navigating in rough seas such that his ferry sank, killing 46.

In the UK an officer who was on watch on the cross-Channel ferry *Pride of Bilbao* was charged with further misdeeds in connection with the deaths of three sailors whose sailboat the ferry may have swamped or run down.

Off Newfoundland a search and rescue exercise involving over 400 people went wrong when passengers on a covered lifeboat off the big ferry *Leif Ericson* inhaled fumes from an unknown source and became sick. Two seriously ill were removed by helicopter while another 21 received medical attention on shore. Initial diagnosis was that a fiberglass component on the lifeboat became hot enough

from engine heat to smoke but company officials later stated there was no damage and they were puzzled as to the fume's source.

Rumors persisted that the three-person bridge crew of the British Columbia ferry *Queen of the North* was not all present when the ship ran onto rocks and sank, killing two. Now sworn statements aver that witnesses heard the quartermaster, a female deckhand training to work on the bridge, sobbing in a lifeboat and saying, "It was not my fault. I was left alone." She and the navigational officer, also on watch that night, had a romantic relationship in the past. The three refused to talk to company investigators and the company's original report simply stated that the bridge crew had lost "situational awareness."

### Legal Matters

More indictments were handed down in the US marine hose price fixing scandal.

Exxon/Mobil filed a case with the International Centre of Settlement of Investment Disputes over its Chavez-seized Orinoco River assets in Venezuela. ConocoPhillips may follow.

A Delaware docker was charged for killing nearly 200 seagulls when he drove through a flock of them on a pier while he was talking on a two-way radio to a crane operator and his coffee cup started tipping over.

Three crewmen were awarded \$50,000 each for whistle blowing illegal operations on the Indian cargo ship *Sportsquen*.

In Venezuela, the *B Atlantic* joined other ships detained and their officers prosecuted because drugs had been unknowingly attached to hulls.

### Migrants

A widespread, multi-national problem: Authorities detained 117 illegal migrants found on the Egyptian-flagged *Elamiradam* off the Greek Island of Zakynthos; around 18,000 illegals have been detained in Greece so far this year, sharply up from last year's 5,000.

Italian authorities picked up 190 migrants within a few hours; 76 on a rickety boat, 17 on a vessel entering Lampedusa, and 97 on two other boats.

The cruise ship *Liberty of the Seas* picked up two Cuban migrants between Haiti and Miami.

After a boat carrying 40 illegals collided with the Algerian warship *Shihab* the migrants were urged to commit suicide. The warship managed to rescue 33 "harragas."

The Malta armed forces rescue boat *P-52* saved 29 illegal migrants from a sinking boat.

A boat with 80 illegals landed on the Cape Verde island of Santo Antão.

Fifteen illegals, all Palestinians, were found inside a cargo container at Barcelona.

But not all news was bad: Seven Tunisian fishermen who had been detained in Sicily for rescuing 44 illegal immigrants were released.

And The Council of the European Union encouraged "member states to provide support and share responsibilities for asylum seekers" but avoided stating a firm position on whether rescuing ships can unload such persons at the first convenient port.

### Nature

An iceberg was sighted off South Africa, apparently the first of its kind seen since a sighting in the 1950s and several sightings in the 1800s. This year's berg was reportedly created when global warming caused bigger chunks to break off of Antarctic ice but

no explanations are available to explain the earlier bergs.

California's efforts to have ships use low sulfur fuel for auxiliary engines when within 24 miles of its coast was knocked down by a federal judge who ruled the state did not have the authority to impose such restrictions.

Greenpeace is now campaigning against illegal fishing in the Western and Central Pacific by boats owned by European companies. In North America Greenpeace also went after the lumber-carrier *Jaeger Arrow* because the organization claimed that the wood pulp on-board came from old-growth forests in Ontario and Quebec.

Sonar is now available that can provide a 3D look at waters in front of a ship and development is proceeding on how to tell a whale from a rock.

Japanese scientists are having problems because fishermen have been cutting free their research buoys. Small fish tend to cluster under floating objects and this attracts bigger (catchable) fish.

The Indian Supreme Court imposed a three-month moratorium on digging the Sethusamudram (Sethu) canal across what is known as Adam's Bridge or Ram Sethu, a holy place to many Hindus.

Many salmon migrating from the Columbia River now carry rice grain-sized transponders. Each has a unique code number, one of 275 billion numbers available. The world's largest Radio Identification (RFID) antenna can scan each salmon passing through the Bonneville Dam in less than 1/30 of a second as it swims past at 35mph.

General Maritime accepted responsibility for an oil spill off Puerto Rico last month, its tanker *Genmar Progress* may have left a trail of oil.

### Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

Japan donated three patrol boats to Indonesia to help secure the Malacca Strait from piracy.

Indonesia detained 14 pirates who had hijacked the product tanker (palm oil) *Kraton* south of Bintan Island.

Sri Lanka's Navy claimed to have sunk the last of four small merchant ships that have been bringing supplies (including aircraft parts, 120mm heavy mortars, ammo for heavy artillery pieces, and an armored car for rebel leader Velupillai Prabhakaran) to Tamil Tiger rebels. The last sunk was a 3,000-ton vessel once known as the *Matsushima*.

### Head-Shakers

A Coast Guard fast response boat responded to a call from the small pleasure vessel *Clam Juice*. It had a cracked exhaust pipe that was flooding the vessel. A pump didn't stop the flood so a Coast Guardsman searched the vessel and found a Sponge Bob Square Pants nerf ball. Stuffed in the exhaust hole, the small spongy football stopped the leak well enough so the *Clam Juice* could be towed to a repair yard.

A naked Russian seafarer was found trying to break into a pickup truck at Beaumont, Texas. He explained he had been stopped by a robber and jumped into the Neches River rather than give up his wallet. Fearing he might drown, he took off his clothes and later tried to enter the truck to stay warm. Others said he stole a small electronic organizer and hid in nearby bushes until the vehicle's alarm stopped sounding.

The grinding beneath us came on quite unexpectedly as we headed towards Will and Eric's Shellcat 22 anchored close ashore behind the breakwater in Wickford, Rhode Island's inner harbor. It was time for lunch and we had the soup. Fred grimaced, we were aground. But how could this be, for Will and Eric had gotten a lot closer to shore before anchoring than this?

Fred suggested we both step out of the cozy cabin, where we had been sheltering from the northeast wind-driven drizzle while out on Narragansett Bay, onto the front deck to tip the boat forward and free us from the gravel bottom now easily seen over the side. While this somehow went against my assumption of having grounded out up front, Fred pointed out that the boat was deeper aft due to its twin shallow keels under its twin hulls. As he expected we floated free, but two more tries resulted in the same experience so Fred fell off and anchored in deeper water.

When Will and Eric saw that we were apparently unable to reach them, they upped anchor and headed for us. As we speculated on how they had gotten so much closer inshore we noticed that their progress had ceased and soon enough the two were overboard alongside, knee deep in the water floating the Shellcat over the shallows. The tide, it seems, was going out. Soon they came alongside and we rafted up for that soup.

Earlier in the morning I had arrived nearly 45 minutes late only to find no boats at the ramp. A lone fisherman allowed as how he had seen two funny looking boats with colored sails headed out when he came in just a few minutes earlier. Fred must have decided I was not coming in the gray drizzly weather and they had gone ahead with their planned Narragansett Bay outing. My 100-mile drive to Wickford had gotten stuck early on in a 20-mile traffic jam getting past the Boston rush hour crush. That took an hour from first stop to finally free again.

A look at the North Kingstown street map in my *Rhode Island Street Atlas* (Wickford is a village in that town) revealed that if I drove through the village and out on a peninsula that sort of enclosed the outer harbor south of the village center I might spot the boats and determine what could be done then. Sure enough, there they were, Fred's bright orange crabclaw and Will's tanbark rig easily identifiable. Of course, they were also the only sailboats out there.

When they came about and headed back towards the north I at first thought that

## Sailing A(g)round with Fred

By Bob Hicks

they were tacking out into Narragansett Bay against the northeast wind but I soon decided that they seemed to be headed back to the inner harbor. So I hastened to drive back through the village to the ramp and when I got there, Fred was there. He had come back for a last look to see if I indeed had arrived.

We subsequently enjoyed a somewhat shortened sail on Narragansett Bay in a short chop raised by a steady northeast wind. Fred and I enjoyed the comforts of the enclosed cabin on his Crabclaw Cat while Will and Eric toughed it out in rain gear in the open cockpit of the Shellcat, a more conventionally laid out sailing catamaran Fred designed and built for Will about a dozen years ago. Fred said he now has his Crabclaw about like he wants it, he's shipped about a half dozen kits to amateur builders since he first conceived the design a half dozen years ago.

The cabin is now much larger than the original as the boat grew to 22' from 17'. Fred can sail entirely from within in bad weather, the mainsheet coming down through the roof and the mizzen controlled by double sheets led into the cabin from out back via plastic tubing and turning blocks readily to hand as he sits on the skipper's seat on the right side of the bridge deck looking out through the full width front windows. He helms the boat with a wheel that lies handy to his left hand. All this enclosure is intended for comfort as he sails on into winter on his local Lake Champlain until the lake freezes over. Then it's ice-boat time, but that's another story.

The drizzle was tenacious enough for us to have two of the four removable front windows in place to shelter us from gradually becoming wet

through. And when we finally got together for lunch Will and Eric came aboard in the raftup to indulge in Fred's hot soup in cozy comfort in the spacious cabin.

Fred told me he had 13 onboard last summer on the July 4<sup>th</sup> weekend on Lake Champlain, the Crabclaw Cat is amazingly spacious for just 22'. "The Coast Guard pulled me over to lecture me about overloading and to check on all my required gear, including the 13 PFDs under the forward decks. I think it was the four or five people on the cabin roof that got their attention."

Fred has given up on his earlier experiments with electric power and now has a 9.9 Tohatsu 4-stroke that quietly powers the cat along at up to 10 knots. The electrics never got her up over 4 knots and the range was insufficient for any extended powering. Fred returned his last attempt at electric powering to its German makers last winter, it was a \$2,000 installation that proved unsatisfactory still.

After our late lunch Will and Eric had to haul out due to a late afternoon appointment so I, too, bailed out while we were in the inner harbor near the ramp. Fred had a couple of hours left before he had to meet his wife Debbie when her conference in nearby Providence was over, so he headed back out alone and sailed over to Jamestown Island and under the high bridge. Fred loves to sail, alone or with company, and now with his Crabclaw Cat just as he wants it he will be sailing on into December until the ice arrives on Lake Champlain.

The Shellcat was faster, more sail up.



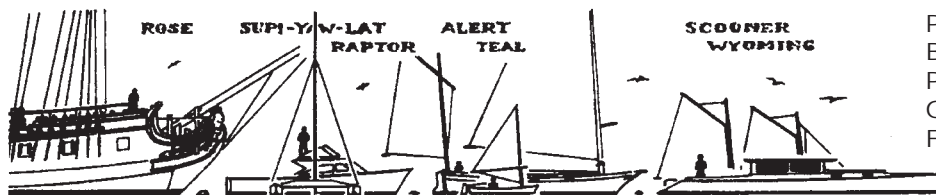
The Crabclaw Cat.



The Shellcat 22.







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### Early Environment

My conscious childhood was the era of the Great Depression. The family business in Gloucester, Massachusetts, had gone from prosperous to moribund but I was unaware that anything unusual was happening. My mother and my able and responsible ten-years-older brother coped and never complained of a come-down. There was always some kind of sailboat and most of the sailing was in the Annisquam estuary, full of shifting sandbars, marshy creeks, with strong tidal streams, and as much as a 12' range. "When you've learned your tides in the Annisquam River" said my brother, "you can sail anywhere."

### First Professional Commission

This started a permanent theme. My college sailing club was racing capsizable dinghies in cold water. It was determined that we should have a launch standing by at all times. There was \$200 in the treasury and I was warned that an over-run would come out of my own pocket. I got it delivered, professionally built, to our water, planing at 12mph, for \$230 (1949 dollars!). Maybe I'll detail how it was done some other time.

### Diversity

If there's a single theme of my career, it's been diversity. I don't find the design of the Tortoise punt embarrassing; I say I got that one right and for economy/utility I doubt there's a way to improve it. The first Spur pulling boat was an indulgence to see if I liked designing a boat absolutely regardless of cost (but still on an affordable scale!). In fact, I got tired of having to be careful of it in a season or two. But it led, via a cover photo of it in a 200,000-circulation magazine, to the commission to design the *Rose*, lately *HMS Surprise* in "Master and Commander." I could do that, backed by an experienced shipyard, because I'd soaked myself in any nautical history I could find, including the failings of historical vessel designs.

### Simplification

It comes naturally when one is not very good at complex things. What can I eliminate that I don't know how to draw or make? I have gone too far with dumb sheaves to save a few bucks.

### Doability

The older brother was always making things and he used what came to hand. When I was nine years old he gave me an 8' skiff he had built in a not-very-successful experiment with Masonite (something like chipboard) and guided me in fitting it with a single lee-board and a skate sail he had built set on a bamboo stick that happened to be around.

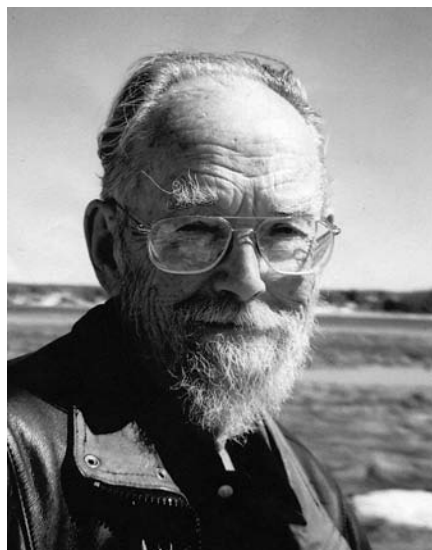
### Dynamite Payson

I first became aware of Harold H. "Dynamite" Payson about 1964 when I saw a very nice Light Dory he'd built and wrote

## Bolger on Design

### Bolger On Bolger's 80th Birthday

(The Short Version)



him about it. He was an apparently typical Maine lobsterman occasional boat builder who had started a sideline selling boat plans to amateur builders. He put it to me that the plans he'd been able to acquire were all too difficult to build, tended to emphasize techniques and materials not very suitable for complete novices, and which ought to be possible to improve upon. "There ought to be something that will give them confidence," he said when I called on him. (I can't take off his breeze-of-Maine speech but I remember being impressed with the insight).

Between us we designed a small punt. He built one and called for modifications, which I made. The results looked promising. We went through the same exercise several times, stretching the basic idea longer and longer, both of us getting better at it with practice. It helped that I had worked along the same lines several times before but I had never had the kind of imaginative cooperation and criticism that he supplied.

One of these projects was the Teal dinghy which I still rate very highly on my got-it-right list. Jon Wilson selected this 12' double-ended sailing/rowing skiff for his fast building competitions at Wooden Boat Shows. Dynamite and I judged the first event. The building time eventually got under two hours for a two-person team to go from picking up tools to paddling away from the launching ramp. The rowing ver-

sion uses two 4'x8' sheets of plywood, and it looks like a boat...

At this point Roger Taylor (founder of International Marine Publishing Company) suggested to Dynamite that he should write a book illustrated with these boats. Dynamite demurred, arguing that he was a high school dropout and had no idea of such things. (I suspect that what was more on his mind was that it looked like a long, dull job, which it was and is). I joined in on Roger's side and between us we convinced him that he ought to write it for the same reason he had developed the boats. The result was *Instant Boats* (I seem to recall that a remark of mine inspired the hyperbolic title). The book is still in print, often called a classic.

We proceeded to carry the idea on into more sophisticated shapes with double chines and composite joints; the Nymph pram, the Cartopper sailing dinghy, the Diablo outboard utility (all among my top favorites), and also high in actual realizations, the ultimate test of designs meant for home building. These later boats were an even closer association than the first batch, partly because the prefabrication drawings were more demanding, partly because he had realized that I wanted criticisms from him. These and some others comprised *Build The New Instant Boats*, my favorite of all Dynamite's books. I have lost track of how many beyond the first six books he has done by now, Dynamite continues to gripe about what nasty work it is. A while back he was awarded a high school equivalency diploma....

This collaboration and friendship has been one of the pleasantest enduring relationships of my life.

### Preferred Clients

I've dealt with a few millionaire yachtsmen but they have almost always broken off at some point, such men understandably expect the full attention of anybody they choose to employ or work with, but I was not brought up to be deferential to wealth and sooner or later I would show more independence than was tolerable. The exception was Stanley Woodward, seaman, artist, and connoisseur of boat design. He used me for ideas and entertainment and accepted that he did not own me. On my part I never took his patronage for granted. The relationship has lasted 40-odd years.

The 99+% of my work was, and is, for and with individual clients, people with whose preferences and needs I can empathize more readily. The sheer diversity of wish lists, personal circumstances, backgrounds and skill sets, projected uses, and then stories of travails, successes, some failures, but many, many completed boats has sustained my interest in this work since.

I got going professionally in 1952. Many of my articles did reflect all sorts of mixes of these background details for every design discussion, be they just a quick cartoon or preliminary study or the plans of completed fully used liveaboard cruiser and feed the family

workboats. We've badly neglected them lately, because most of our limited energy was taken up by work out of our natural line, but which we thought absolutely demanded the effort. The reasons are given further on in this essay. It was not made easier by some local distractions unrelated to boat design. We expect to get back on our preferred track shortly, we hope before the much appreciated patience of a list of people who deserve better of us finally runs out.

### Names to Drop

I learned that people of towering reputation were accessible. I wrote Lindsay Lord about what I thought was an error in his book. He invited me in to talk it over. Eventually this evolved into an apprenticeship. He passed me on to John Hacker, who planted me at a drawing board next to his and talked design issues day after day. Then I set up on my own, very rashly. But I called on L. Francis Herreshoff for advice and criticism and he was patient. Eventually he would take me to his drawing room and show me what he was doing. I wrote Howard Chapelle, he was supposed to be irascible but he was incredibly patient with me. I have an inch thick file of correspondence with him, some of it ranging far from boat design. I have a thick file of correspondence with "Pasagemaker" Capt Bob Beebe, evolving into what amounted to an informal partnership. It was brash to take up the time of these people, which brings me to:

### Humility

That word often means underrating oneself. That is as bad as conceit. What I learned to aim at was an accurate view of my capabilities, not suppressing ideas because they might display ignorance or stupidity. All those distinguished people tolerated my intrusions because, I suppose, they thought they saw a talent worth developing.

### On Reading

A lifelong motto has been never to grudge the price of a book or magazine! I had Chapelle and Uffa Fox early on and produced very derivative designs. Over the years I built up a library, including old boating magazines back to the 1890s, pored over them endlessly, gradually learning to winnow them critically for what was worth noting.

At 80 I find that they have done their job informing, stimulating, and at times guiding my work. I don't think it is arrogant to say that I have conceptually moved beyond most of them. Many of the current plethora of crass-commercial glossies have little on offer to learn from, except the reasonably cynical pursuit of fads to generate business from and advertise one's good taste by, most seem not much fun, serve very limited actual daily utility, but sure cost a lot.

My body of work in "high performance for the buck" concepts has always implied this but I have less and less patience for the underlying assumptions in design, construction, and use based on untenable social and political traditions that until recently kept this particular expression of human creativity and commerce to be the near exclusive purview of white older middle class men, of which I am one. It is good to see a group of young black and Latino women and men from the Bronx showing their boat building skills with Whitehalls and wherries at the recent Mystic Wooden Boat Show, their sense of "otherness" amongst the 99+% white showgoers

is unavoidable but will eventually change if they don't loose heart. This industry overall certainly has a way yet to go before remotely reflecting our society's mix of folks, with so far much of this broader market going under addressed in turn.

### On Writing

I have to believe that I had some talent for writing. My rules are to find something worth saying, preferably novel, but at any rate garnished with some novel phrasing and digressions. It doesn't come as easily as some may think, practically everything I've published, books and articles, followed laborious false starts. But a lot of it still pleases me. I am still at it in grand scale, as Susanne tasked me years ago to do a complete commentary on my archive with the large majority of that effort done. And as long as Bob feels like publishing *MAIB* I am likely to feel like continuing my contributions.

### Contrarian Fits

Inhibitions are the enemy of ideas. I've long resolved not to worry about making a fool of myself. I had read somewhere a remark, "Never grudge the neighbors a laugh." They've had quite a few at my expense and there are designs in the file that make me wince when I think of them. But I believe that the good ones would be many fewer if I'd been more prudent. Marrying at age 66 a woman 30 years younger is a spectacular example, of which more later. My short-spoken elder brother only said, "better late than never."

Suppressing inhibitions leads to contrarianism, always looking for a different approach to never... anything anybody says or does. It can be valuable but it's easy to overdo it, dismissing well-founded ideas for tortured alternatives. It's also not good socially, and gets worse with age. I'm attempting to moderate it.

### Political Leanings

I was brought up to avoid trying to control other people, to think coercion something to look at with great suspicion. Carried forward this led to a mostly healthy suspicion of all authority. I'm almost a charter member of the Libertarian Party, Party number 000058. It's some satisfaction that at least the word Libertarian is commonly used, which is about as much as I ever hoped for politically. Suffice it to say that I favor a free market of ideas as the sole guarantee against the perpetual threat of intellectual, political, and economic stagnation with its arbitrary restrictions on thought, opportunity, access, and finally the very viability of any society. For appalling and outright disturbing examples of the contrary mindset affecting boat design keep reading through this next paragraph or two!

### A Look Back on the Proceedings of the "High Priests of the Design-Guild"

All encounters with the supposed authorities of boat design has served to harden my feelings, it seems that the more some people devote themselves to rule making, the less they themselves accomplish. Many instances show how overeager rule making to structure the world to match the carefully crafted notions of a few "High Priests" does frequently lead towards conceptual stagnation, favoring formalized insistence on intellectual and political choke holds of assumptions about how to do things, with associated economic fallout, operational limitations, in

some cases all the way to persistent serious mismatch of pressing needs versus guild approved "professional solutions."

Here are some examples of my/our concerns, unattended by the "High Priests" for years, and in some cases for decades. When issues such as these are not dealt with there is serious damage potential to regional and national economies, and it can be said that in many ways this indifference already has cost in treasure, economic activity, and socio-economic losses and shows serious security threats as well (!). Keep reading:

1. Fisheries regionally and elsewhere have been abandoned to figure out by themselves how to deal with the issue of runaway oil cost (quadruplication+ up to now \$90+/barrel thus affecting costs of fuel, gear, hull material, etc.) in an age of resource decline. No vessel-related research in response to oil's cost going from \$10-20/barrel to \$90+ is offered to the fishing fleets, their regulators, or concerned environmentalists. The resource is ailing, energy issues are pressing, the globe needs animal protein, and not much responsibility is perceived amongst the highest end "professionals..."

2. The US Marine Corps (180,000+, the world's most able expeditionary amphibious fighting force) is stuck on Navy transports just offshore without tactically viable means to come ashore with adequate numbers of boots, wheels, and heavy tracks. With hundreds of billions invested over decades in respective Navy dock landing ships and the Marine's amphibious capabilities, and after that many years of Navy and Marine Corps leaders asking them to address this issue via the usual Pentagon issued design competitions for instance, the "High Priests" of design have persistently failed to adequately connect Navy squadrons offshore to the hostile beach.

Navy and Marines are, on the one hand, kept too close inshore in serious harm's way of being killed by accelerating shore defense capability while, on the other hand, no technical solutions have been offered to those in uniform to both protect the squadron farther offshore while still able to get Marines ashore fast and certain in a multitude of landing spots.

Small craft such as 400-600 ton frontline tactical transports carried into the combat theater inside the dock landing ships to enable the Corps to land the "Tip of the Spear" all at once, are both below these designers' horizons of intellectual ambition and at the same time apparently provide them with an elusive technical challenge. With the US and all of the industrialized nations depending on global trade, "just-in-time-delivery" of goods and energy, and reliable access to foreign energy sources any Administration of either stripe requires this tactical tool to keep the current economic and political arrangement going, without a credible ship-to-shore invasional capability as a strategic option, what will keep tin-pot generalissimos, tribal disagreements, and piracy from casually spiking the world's energy prices to say \$150/barrel zapping economic indicators and political stability in turn?

Who amongst the "High Priests" has the status quo to explain to the Marines the facts about their de-facto permanent incapacity to perform amphibiously, relegating them instead to the roles of Army-Auxiliary and Palace Guards?

3. Third-World coastal and riverine transport fleets are equally neglected in the



impossible task to absorb these fuel cost increases. Which fledgling transport system already bare-bones from poverty, colonial past, and political challenges of growing into full functioning independent nation states can afford to see this quadruplication of cost without de-facto pending economic paralysis and political crisis on the horizon? Again, our friends from the "Guild" are not bragging about wide ranging developmental programs to zero in on the best local/regional mix of vessel geometries, vessel propulsion, and thus transport/economic advances...

4. Domestic large ship design and construction capability is an odd mix of de-facto state owned/socialistic yards producing naval vessels from 1,100' nuclear carriers to 26' outboard craft for typically just the one client on the one hand, and then the rare large construction for commercial clients, with the vast majority of vessel construction being in the much smaller types for riverine transports, oil rig supply vessels, specialty items such as the rare research vessel for NOAA, plus the countless smaller craft such as 90' , 50' lobster boats, yachts, etc.

Somewhere in that situation prevailing design philosophy is being expressed. Around the world cost for fuel, steel, aluminum, composites, system components such as engines, ground tackle, navigation systems, etc. are in many ways at a comparable price level. Only labor and associated costs and a thicket of domestic subsidies define relative competitive advantage from one country's yard to the next.

How advanced are the "High Priests" design processes and respective products if they cannot by design mitigate against much of the labor cost advantage of Korea or Poland? Cutting edge design approaches should show their superiority in the US's ship launchings' record. Not too long ago a design office from the high wage country of Norway (4.6 million population) outperformed a major US shipyard for the design contract of a very large cruise ship.

You may remember how several years ago this "leadership" tried to outlaw small outfits like ours as too "unprofessional" by their particular measure. They attempted to bring to bear their institutional weight to intimidate, bully, and legislate by political hook and regulatory crook (with a good part of that effort by night and through the back door) the heretofore free marketplace of marine design ideas into a straight jacket of its making

We understand that the largest industry organization maintains some 170+ committees attending to various pressing concerns, except those issues related to these four examples, that is. Of course, it is conceivable that they may neither perceive any of these as problems nor may have no solutions for them.

On Issue #1, none appear to address the fisheries issues we've gone deeper into for many installments of our *MAIB* column.

On Issue #2 we find it unaddressed in the course of consulting work for Navy, they found us and we had opportunity to address it to some satisfaction, perhaps we can talk about in the future.

On Issue #3 we are mindful of it but can do little beyond offering modest size solutions, one of which we will have a discussion about later this winter.

And Issue #4 is truly a few sizes out of our reach except that we know that on the scale of our projects, unnecessary conceptual complexity, man hour black holes, budget busting gadgeteering, and undercooked wish

lists are perpetual serious concerns to be very vigilant about.

If you want to examine the outcome of rule making versus conceptual substance, the rigid insistence on formalities rather than addressing market demands, the absence of contextualizing, for instance, the Marine Corp's wish list (some client indeed) into their historically evolved unique strategic brief, then you may find a track record of absenteeism and conceptual myopia. We only have to fear China's dominance in engineering when Chinese schools stop copying the Guild's regime of formalities, instruction and practice.

### Bob Hicks and *MAIB*

It's been a continuing ego trip that the pages Bob Hicks allows me (the past several years, us) in *Messing About in Boats* have been kept up every two weeks for more years than I've kept track of (Bob knows how many) with one single missed issue due to oversight. A lot of it, especially early short releases, were lightweight stuff but all of it was original and personal and some of it was matter that seriously needed saying. It may be true that this biweekly installment over these many issues on my/our design work may well be unique in the history of magazine publishing here or abroad. Clearly no other publisher has the stomach to let me talk about myself and us for this long, to this level of self-indulgent depths, shallowness, breadth, and at times, no doubt, some silliness. Let's hear it for this robust proponent of the free marketplace of ideas! It helps to have something to say and someone to listen.

### Recent Opportunities and Challenges

These are Susanne, the aforementioned fisheries crisis, and the call by the Navy.

It was around 1990 that Susanne Altenburger first called on me. I enjoyed her conversation and urged her to come again. We talked and talked, on politics and philosophy, on every possible subject. Also about boat design and it dawned on me that not only did she have a great talent, but that her strongest points were those that I had long ago given up trying to comprehend and left to builders and owners to clean up on the realistic theory that almost anybody could do them better than I could.

I have missed some opportunities over the years, but I saw this one. I determined to make it permanent. It took me a year to convince her that the partnership I had in mind had no element of condescension. An early example of how it could work was the design of the electric launch Lily, our design #627. That design is entirely hers and is still the best and most economical electric day boat extant to this day. More and more of the work since has conceptually been guided by her, including the fisheries project and the commissioned studies for the US Navy we have been invited to submit since 2003.

I claim some credit, not only because the Navy official who approached us thought he was consulting "Bolger" but also because the work in many respects built on a lifelong theme of mine, reflected in a high proportion of my work. This was, and is, to look for economical solutions; hulls quick to build, calling for a minimum of skill and of inexpensive materials, capable of doing their work with small and simple engines (and rigs), rejecting technocentric \$-intensive conventional wisdom. This suited Susanne's genius. She found it developed a long way in my work,

especially in the long series of designs I had done in partnership with Harold (Dynamite) Payson, to whose books and articles a sizable part of my reputation is due.

Susanne is now taking it to the next level. The fisheries project certainly has been a long slog but something is at last happening. When the US Navy calls and asks whether you would do "Think Pieces" on various topics, it is very flattering but it can be exhausting in its paramount seriousness considering the audience examining our work, and may at last become moderately profitable now that we have established an apparently viable relationship between our mom-and-pop office on the wooded shores of West Gloucester, Massachusetts, and the largest Messing Abouters In (Grey) Boats (*MAIB*) in the world. We understand that *MAIB* is delivered to the Pentagon in plain brown wrapper...

Some would say that at the expense in delay and disappointment for several long-suffering clients we've been indulging an overdeveloped social conscience or lost our way in fits of applied patriotism in tense times. It sure did not result in riches (yet). We can only say we were and are convinced that it needed doing.

The good thing is that we are well through the worst of it when too many strenuous demands coincided with each other to result in a condition of overwork neither one of us is interested in revisiting. Now regular work is again on the immediate agenda and our tension about past overloads is waning towards more productivity and calmer nerves. Interesting small and large cruisers and live-aboards are in the pipeline awaiting their first exposure in *MAIB*, along with updates on the fisheries and other matters that will continue to emerge in every issue.

### Outlook at 80

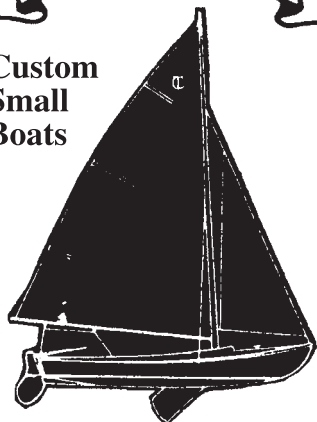
Not bad, not taking any medication except for baby aspirin and multi-vitamins, can, with my new glasses, still read fine print and comprehend what's written not much more slowly than I ever could. I haven't come up with much new creativity for a while now, but I took care of that when I brought Susanne into the practice. It takes me longer than it should to get things done, and too many things I should be doing are undone, but it looks as though I'll be useful in monitoring and contributing to the designs for a while yet.

My mother was still tracking pretty well at 90 and we have an old friend who is still sharp as she closes in on 100. Who knows?



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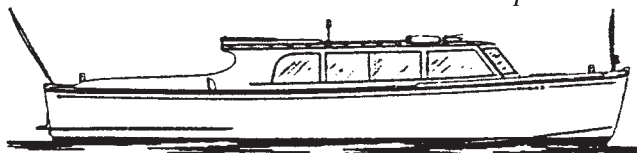
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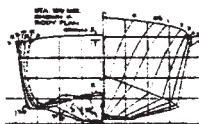
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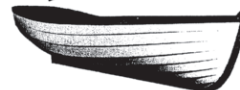
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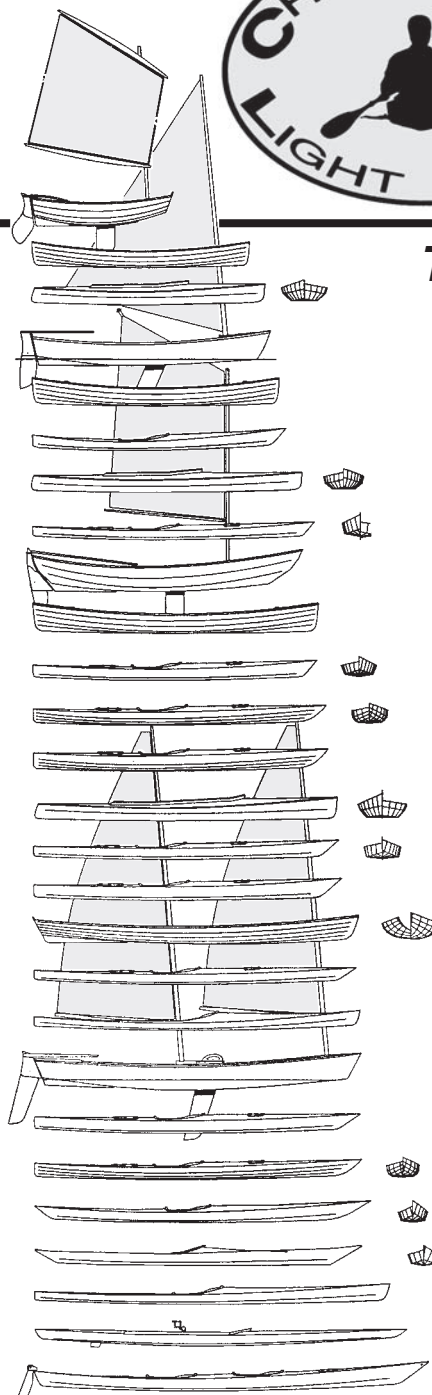
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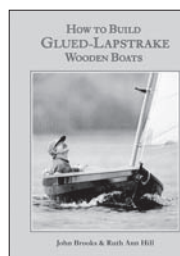
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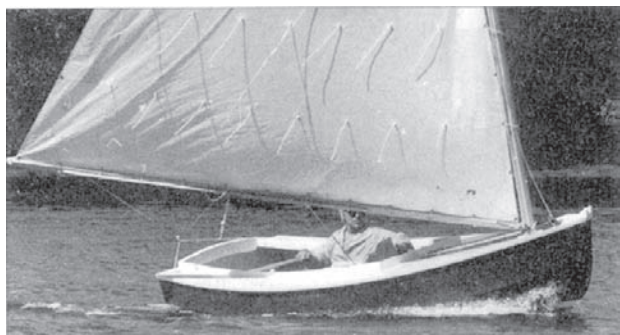
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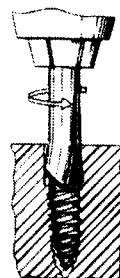
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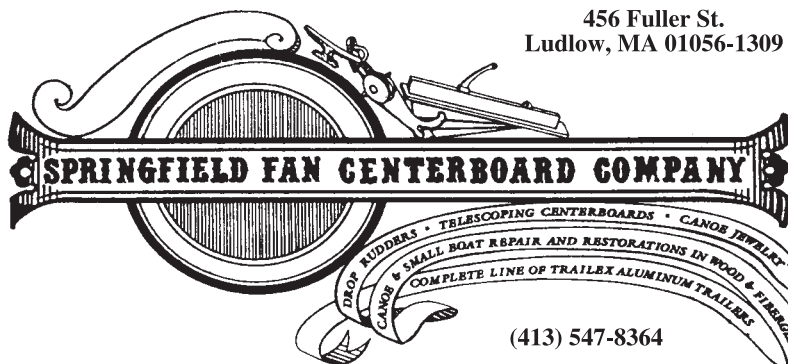
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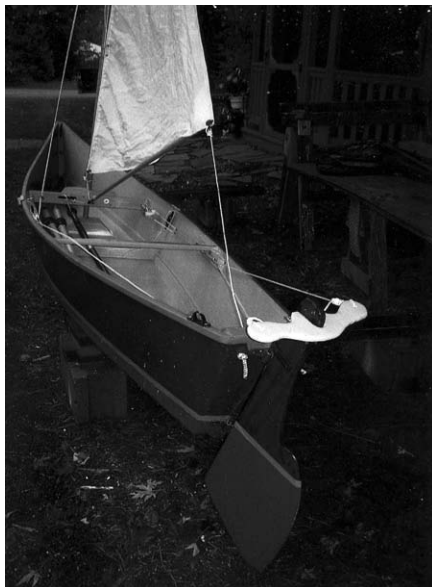
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**Thule Roof Rack System**, w/2 50" crossbars, 4 standard (5") towers w/clamps & pads for roof, 2 bike carriers (1 for front wheel on bike, 1 for removed), locks for roof rack towers & bike rack, 2 ratchet straps w/clamps to secure to crossbars, short roof extension bars, various small parts. \$100 takes it all, shipping additional. Send for photos if you want. Michael Russell, Norfolk, VA, (757) 423-0387, mir1419@peoplepc.com (14)

**Molds**, for a 20' St. Lawrence skiff available for free in Ipswich, MA, north of Boston. Plywood molds are sized for 1/4" strip planking. This double ended boat is for single or double fixed seat rowing. MICHAEL MCGARTY, Ipswich, MA, (978) 356-4830, mmcgarty-13@hotmail.com (15)

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**Forward Facing Rowing**, w/sliding seat in your canoe. EZ-ROW, INC, PO Box 275, Taylors Falls, MN 55084-0275, (877) 620-1921, www.ez-row.com (5P)



**9" Ash Wood Cleats**, matched pair varnished w/ stainless steel hardware. \$25 delivered. WINTERS BROTHERS, 4555 II Rd., Garden, MI 49835 (TFP)

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**BOAT PLANS & KITS - WWW.GLEN.COM:** Customer photos, FREE how-to information, on-line catalog. Or send \$9 FREE Supplies catalog. Over 240 proven designs, 7'-55'. "How To Use Epoxy" manual \$2.00. GLEN-L, Box 1804MA, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, (562) 630-6258, www.Glen-L.com (TFP)

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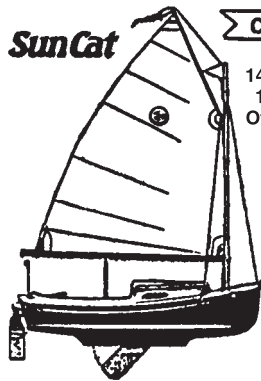


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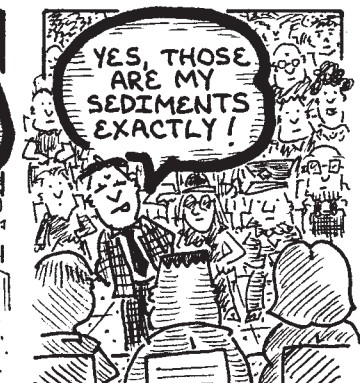
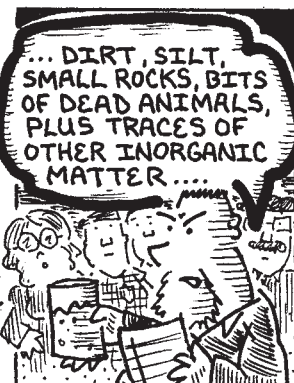
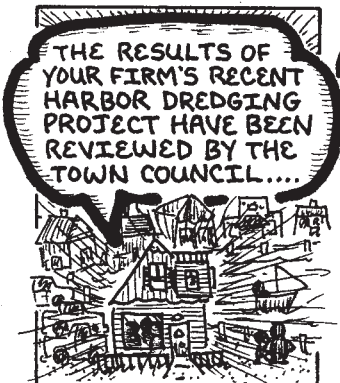
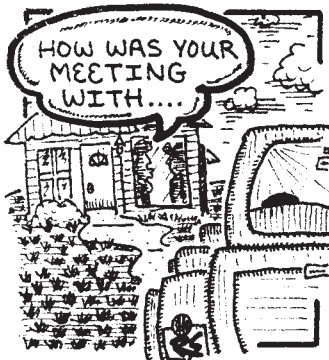




# Shiver Me Timbers

By: Robert L. Summers

## Dredging



# ADIRONDACK GUIDE-BOAT

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By the time you read this our shows for 2007 will have been completed. We don't yet have the line up for 2008 but we'll get that buttoned up and posted pretty soon. Folks often assume our slow months are January & February....in fact those months are quite busy. November and December are slow. So...if you buy before the end of the year we'll take 10% off of new boats, 15% off of blems and demos. You needn't take delivery until the Spring. This doesn't apply to wooden boats or kits.

Best regards to all, *Steve & Dave*



Hey Ho! Dave: Missed you this year at Port Townsend but was interesting to meet Steve. Nice chat on the beach. My brother seems pleased with his new boat. We used her and my mother's old skiff on Saturday night to scatter Mom's ashes on the bay where she fly-fished for cutthroats. Mom spent a lot of her youth in the Adirondacs around Paul Smith's landing. The cousins still have the camp on Lake St. Regis where they still run the 1923 Hacker 29 footer. I recall some old guide boats as a little kid. The photo is the culmination of a thirty year idea: to row a guide boat on Lake Yellowstone. This was October 5th of 2005, right after I picked her up from you at the Wooden Boat Festival. Yup, that is snow on her. This trip was cut a bit short by what turned into a jolly little blizzard. Two days later we had much better weather in Glacier Park. My next thoughts involve the Boundary waters in Northern Minnesota.

Best to all,  
Steve Willing, Nordland, WA

XXV-14

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